SON OF THE STORM,

A TALE.

BY HENRY SIDDONS

" Periture parcite Chartæ."

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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THE SON

OF

THE STORM.

CHAPTER I.

AS the common people of this country are remarkable for the asperity of their comments on the conduct of their superiours, so are they equally notorious for their zeal and affection, whenever those placed above them exercise their functions with mildness and humanity. They are as ready to exalt as deprecite; and in the

the generous ardours of their attachment, they consider life itself as a feeble sacrifice, to those who have afforded them comfort in their affliction, or protection in the hour of danger. As this is a fact, too well authenticated to admit the possibility of dispute, we may surely be allowed to wonder, that the easy terms held out for the love and affection of so large a portion of the common species, should either be rejected or trifled away, by the very personages whose most apparent interest it should seem to court and to conciliate. Surely it is more gratifying to possess the love, than the hatred of those among whom we are destined to pass so many of our days!

The above remark, intended for the opening of our fourth and last volume, was suggested by the eager zeal, and animated affection which all the servants of the Inn imbibed for Sir Arthur, as by some

some sympatetic attraction, after the recital of honest Bob; the men all swearing he was the finest, and the maids protesting he was the *most handsomest* young gentleman they had ever seen.

This full chorus of according praise was at length put an end to, by the arrival of the Hero of the Tale. He smiled at Bob's anxiety, and then informed him of his own perplexities with regard to the plan he was to pursue with respect to the horses.

Bob told him he thought that he had better leave the management of the cattle to him, and then, he might, if he pleased, go up to Town himself in the mail, on Monday night.

"A good thought, Robert! and you shall set out in the forenoon: I can do very well without you on Tuesday, only give me the key of my drawers before

I go, or I shall be forced to do as the old fellow did, who *turned his shirt*, and then preached about the filth of those who did not change their linen every day."

Master and man both heartily laughed at this bit of wit; for Sir Arthur always picked up as many jokes as he could: to be sure some of them were sanctioned by the experience of *centuries*, but they were as good to honest Bob as if they were spick and span new, and he thought his young master the *funniest*, as well as the *best* young gentleman in the whole world.

After this free exercise of the risible muscles, the young Baronet sought his pillow, where he truly enjoyed what the poetical Gray, in his Ode on a Distant View of Eton College, calls

"The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
"That fly the approach of morn,"

Having

Having attended church on the Sunday, Sir Arthur strolled on the pier, where he was met by Mrs. Hanbury and Mrs. Williams. He accosted them politely, assuring the latter it was his intention to have called upon her; at the same time enquiring as to her departure.

Mrs. Williams informed him that it was her intention to make the third of a post chaise with Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury, who left Margate on the morrow.

Mrs. Hanbury invited the youth to dine with them; this polite offer he declined: but as his friend Mrs. Williams expressed some regret at his denial, as *she* was to be one of the party, he gave them a promise that he would step in and chat away an hour or two in the evening: on these conditions they parted. Accordingly, having amused himself with a long ride

on the sands, and, luckily for him, not encountering the vulgar family of the vulgar Stevens, whom he determined (if possible) to avoid, he made a hearty dinner at the Inn; and, after poring for an hour over the newspaper, gave a yawn, and set out for the boarding-house.

Mr. Hanbury expressed the highest satisfaction at the honour of this visit; and, (the sole fault of avirice excepted) being a very civil, good sort of man, by no means deficient in common sense, the evening passed away in a tolerably agreeable manner. He gave the youth a long account of his iron foundry, with a circumstantial narrative of his courtship of Mrs. Hanbury, whose family, he assured Sir Arthur, where very tip-top people in their own part of the world.—"Lord bless you," said he, "they command the whole wealth of the little town, aye, and

of

of twelve miles round it; and her great uncle lives in a house like a palace, and her cousin Dolly, and Sukey, and Deborah, and Judy, are all married to the principal gentlemen in those parts: they all keep their carriages, I asssure you; and, when they walk out, the people bow, and my Lady them so, they are quite like kings and queens. I asked her cousin Zacary why he did not come to London—'No, no!' said Zachary, 'No, no, Master Hanbury, that there fun would not suit not at all; here, ye see, we have more *money* than any other family in these here parts, and so we are thought the prime thing, d'ye see; but if so be as we were come to London, Master Hanbury, why we shouldn't be nobody at all.—They say in London that a poor poet, or a painter, or a clergyman, or a physician, in short, any body that's thought a genius, may come into a room, and if another man's worth twenty times as

much money, ecod off fly the whole set, and leave him to gnaw his nails like Num Dumps in a corner :—no, no, no London for *me*, Master Hanbury.' The elated Hanbury then went on to inform him, that this family of his wifes could supply the whole trade with iron from their own mines ; but the circumstance which gave him the greatest exultation was the opportunity of insinuating to Sir Arthur, that his wife's ancestor was a baronet as well as herself.

Conyers listened to this disgusting string of family anecdote with as much good humour as he could summon up, although, to say the truth, his patience was considerably exhausted by the effort. He was well acquainted with the boasted pedigree of Mrs. Hanbury, whose last named progenitor had, not above half a century ago, been a travelling tinker; but the death of a very distant relative put-

ting

ting him in possession of a little ready money, he hired a brazier's shop, and where his trade encreasing, he began to purchase land.

Here fortune showered her blessings on him in abundance, he discovered several mines; soon gave up his trade; built a splendid house; married his daughters to several of the young men of the neighbourhood, who by being admitted into a share of his concerns soon became able to make almost as capital a figure as himself; and the staring neighbourhood soon beheld coaches, footmen, and all the apparatus of luxury, swarming about a little country town, whose name had hardly ever been heard of before, and whose dimensions on a *map*, would have escaped the scrutinising eye of an observer. This ancestor carried up an address; sent in a plan for the taxation of iron, and obtained a title.

Thus far Sir Arthur saw many things to admire. The genius and industry which can proudly emerge from obscurity, by the energetic influence of its own mind, is entitled to respect and veneration every where, but more especially in a commercial country. "Its very original lowness," to use the strong phrase of a modern Dramatist, "shed a lusture on its elevation." But Conyers knew that this family had not borne their prosperty with that equality of mind which gives grace and dignity to wealth. In possession of money, they attributed to the power of it every virtue under heaven; and as they took no pains to cultivate the graces of affability, or to conciliate the affections of their former acquaintance; they continued like the bat in the war of birds and beasts—a species of non-descript, between high and low life, a strong leaven of fixed and original vulgarity preventing them from assimilatiing with the

the former, and a patent tincture of arrogance precluding their mixture with the latter class.

Mr. Hanbury diversified this not interesting detail, with an account of his courtship of Mrs. Hanbury, whose smirks and emendations, added not a little to the humour of the thing. Sir Arthur, like his guardian the Doctor, a skilful adapt in the art of commanding his countenance, whenever he felt an inclination to draw forth the ridiculous, worked up the good man to such a pitch by his questions, that the most minute flirtations of Mrs. Weston, "*as was*," were narrated, to the no small annoyance of Mrs. Williams, who sat in an actual state of purgatory in her endeavours to conceal the laughter occasioned by the mischievous boys' truly ludicrous interrogatories.

Most heartily thankful, therefore, was

she, when he rose to depart, before he betrayed that he had been laughing at their expence. On Monday he rode over to Ramsgate, that he might at the same time execute Mrs. Scudamore's commission, and purchase playthings for little Dick Ferguson.

On his return, Bob, who had been to Canterbury, to secure his master a place in the mail, informed him, that four places were already taken by a family from Margate, who had left orders, that, if a single passenger offered, they had no objection to go five, being one more than the usual number.

" Well, Bob—what's done can't be undone, so I must make up my mind to be stew'd and broil'd for once in a way; it is too late now to pout it; I am bound to be at Westminster by Eight o'clock at farthest, tomorrow; my word is pledg-ed

ed to guardy Glynne, and I would not break it for ten thousand;—so jump about my handy buck!—order my dinner, and then I'll ride over to Canterbury, and be ready for my sufferings in the mail."

"Oh! indeed Sir Arthur!" said Bob, in a firm, but at the same time, respectful tone, "you must excuse me, but I can't answer it to my conscience to let you ride there, seeing as your honour has been on horseback all the morning: why its enough to put you into a high fever this hot weather—and then Doctor Glynne will be sure to lay all the blame on *me*—for he never scolds your honour: now do my dear young master—do have a chaise! and let me see you safe there?"

"Well! with all my heart Bob, my lad! I'm not quite tired of life yet, and I am determined while I keep it, mine shall

shall be a jolly one—so do you hear Robert? go to the White Cottage; collect all Lord O'Carrol's property—and d'ye mind, don't forget any thing poor old Ben may have left behind."

Bob, delighted at his own eloquence, which had been so persuasive in dissuading his young master from taking so long and fatiguing a ride which he had proposed, accompanied him to Canterbury. They arrived just as the coachman was mounting the box, and the mail about to start.—The step was let down—and scrambling in the dark, Sir Arthur placed himself on a corner of the back seat, next a young lady, who was guarded by a youth on the other side, and opposite sat a fat woman and an elderly man.

All was silent, until about a mile from Canterbury, the coach stopped to take up an outside passenger, when the ears of Sir

Sir Arthur were suddenly assailed by his opposite neighbour exclaiming, in the shrill voice of Mrs. Stevens.

"What the Devil is the fool stopping for?—we shall never get off—I've no notion of being kept waiting and dangling after every bodys pleasure—not I!"

The Miss next Sir Arthur, drew up, and exclaimed. "La! now Pa—didn't you say as it would save something going five instead of four? and give the coachy some'at to boot; and you know as we are not to pay for more than four, why———"

"Hold your tongue Doll!" said the old fellow, "you know Sam Stevens never wanted to save—save truly! what should I save *for?* Iv'e got enough, and enough's enough all the world over; but I like company, and I thought it would make

make it more agreeable to have somebody else besides you, and your stupid mother and brother."

Sir Arthur exceedingly amused at thus accidently returning to town with the same party he had accompanied to Margate; as he knew the dawn of day must inevitably discover him, thought it better to acknowledge himself at once—with an affected surprise he, therefore, called out

"Ah! my good worthy friend, who could have expected the happiness of meeting *you* here! what, don't you know me?"

"My life upon it," said Mrs. Stevens, rousing from a doze, which the well known, and melodious voices of her own family had not been able to interrupt, "my life upon it 'tis Sir Arthur Conyers, I haven't seen you since you interdoosed me

me to play at Whisk at the card table at Margate.—Pray wasn't that there stiff laced cross old snuffy lady your aunt?"

"The duce is in't! my dear friend Sir Arthur!—well! and how are you?" said the old man.

"La! la! Sir Arthur, I'm sure as you haven't got room enough:"—said Miss, at the same time sidling and bumping up her brother into a corner, who in a gloomy sulk pretended to be fast asleep, to spare himself the trouble of speaking to any body present.

"Now I think on't," quoth Stevens, "I arn't quite pleased with you Sir Arthur—but I shan't rip up old grievances at present! you can't help remembering an old formal, pompous, stiff rumped genius of a Lord?—what a *pucker* he was in—though I can't say I liked being

being ousted and shuffled out of the room in that rumbunctious sort of a way. I should ha taken the law on un, only I began the row myself as a body may say."

"Why then suppose we say no more about the matter my very good old friend," rejoined the Baronet, glad to get rid of the subject at any rate.

Mrs. Stevens offered him some ginger-bread nuts, observing, that he had much better eat a few of them, as they would do him a great deal of good, as the wind was very apt to be troublesome to the stomach on a raw morning in the stage coach. Without waiting for an invitation, Mr. Stevens seized on a whole handful, at the same time exclaiming—

"This is one of the most sensible things you ever did in your life old girl! these

these here nuts makes one dry, and I wouldn't give the toss up of a brass farthing for a journey, unless one can drink on the road—I'll have a nice bowl of warm milk, with half a pint of rum to qualify it, the next Inn we come to."

"La! now Papa! how can you call Ma an old girl?" drawled out Miss.

"Why hussey, she's seven good years older than I am," rejoined the bearish old fellow, "and that makes some difference I fancy?—It's being on the wrong side of the post; her mother palmed her on me for seven years younger than she was; I stood the flat; never asked to see her register, so the knowing one was taken in for once.—Yes! yes! they tried every way to come at me, Sir Arthur—all the girls were ready enough to catch Sam Stevens; *catch as catch can* was the word then, and it might be all the same thing

thing with my son there, but he is not the man *I was.*"

A few moments brought our travellers to the Inn where the horses were to be changed; while they stopped Stevens ordered his capacious jorum of rum and milk, and Sir Arthur alighted to streatch his legs, which had been terribly cramped in the course of his ride.

His preambulation was suddenly suspended by the plaintive cries of an infant; he looked up and beheld a very pretty looking young woman with a baby in her arms. The weather, though in summer, was stormy, and the mother and child but ill defended by the slight texture of their vestments, from that kind of small but penetrating rain which is frequently the harbinger of the forthcoming storm.

The soft compassionate heart of Sir Arthur was ill adapted to withstand the powerful appeal made to his humanity, by the moanings of the little cherub aloft. He begged the young woman to descend; she immediately complied, and the youth opening the coach door, solicited Miss Stevens to make room for a young person and her infant, to whom he had resigned his place in the inside; not allowing a single moment to be wasted in thanks, he hurried the mother and her precious burthen into the vehicle, holding the little mourner himself until the former was ready to receive it in her arms. Then vaulting like feathered Mercury into his seat on the box, the coachman followed him, and they again set forward on their journey.

In a few moments the sky lowered, and every surrounding object was envelopped in the shades of darkness; mingled

mingled rain and hail rattled on the top of the vehicle, and the spirit of the tempest loudly shrieked over the wild heath it was at that moment passing. The light pepper and salt jacket of Sir Arthur not being by any means water proof, he was soon wet to the skin. The coachman, when the mischief was completed, very kindly offered him a *great coat*, which offer he as imprudently accepted.

The rain and hail was shortly after succeeded by thunder and lightening, during which, the screams of Miss Stevens were pretty audible: but the kind hearted youth at every clap of thunder, and every flash of lightening, calmly contemplated the effects of the storm—knowing that even the elements are not permitted to combat in vain, and that the voice of thunder, or the whisper of zephyr are equally productive of some unknown benefit to the universal system.

The

The mild benevolence of his heart, also comforted him with a most chearing assurance;—by enduring the "pelting of "the pitiless storm" *himself*, he had saved a helpless young woman and a delicate infant, from an inconvenience, which might have proved fatal to *one* if not *both* of them.

When they came to the end of their journey, he reaped a full reward for his inconveniencies; his dangers, and his difficulties; the thanks of the mother, and the smile of the infant, were the inestimable retributions of a heart replete with unsophisticated feeling, and genuine benevolence.

The late arrangement had been very far from the most agreeable circumstance in the world to Miss Dolly Stevens; that young lady had some how or other, and for reasons best known to herself, taken

it

it into her head that Sir Arthur was captivated with the graces of her person. When she saw him enter the same vehicle, she determined, therefore, if possible to clinch the matter; and was resolved to play off all her magazine of ogles; her whole artillery of smiles, to prosecute so valuable and flattering a conquest.

There are some persons who have a thousand little agreeable ways of making themselves *hateful*—and the number of these personages was graced in an eminent degree in the *not* amiable Miss Stevens. When she rolled her gooseberry eyes in a languishing manner, they assumed the appearance of a hideous goggle, and when she intended the soft languor of voluptuousness to hover on her lip, her mouth, which extended from one ear to the other, displayed two rows of yellow bones, whose primitive purity

had

had never yet been violated by the assaults of a tooth brush.

The Poets have compared the hair of some favored females to the yellow ray of Phœbus—to the golden clue drawn from the loom of Minerva: to what shall I assmilate the hair of Miss Stevens?—Reader, hast thou ever seen the inside of a cushion bursting out of an old fashioned chair? If thou hast, I have given thee an apt and correct illustration.

The resignation of Sir Arthur's seat, in favour of the poor young woman and her little one, had deprived Miss Dolly of this favourable opportunity of ingratiating herself with the young Baronet. The looks she bestowed, therefore, upon the new comer, were not impregnate with sweetness or with affability; she could not help wondering, what the youth could

see in such poor personages, to make him expose himself to such disagreeable and tempestuous weather. Her mother never condescended to speak a word. The father was by this time overpowered with the fumes of his rum and milk; and the junior Stevens sat mumping and sulking in the room of the inn, appropriated for stage passengers on their arrival, until they could procure either porters or hackney carriages for the conveyance of their goods.

In this room Sir Arthur fondly took the little cherub from its mother, and placing it on his knee, began talking to—playing with—and kissing it. Miss Dolly snatched it from his arms, and began to cover it with her own salutes, for the first moment discovering it was the sweetest little bantling she had ever seen.

Sir

Sir Arthur took no notice of this piece of servile adulation from the hypocritical young lady, and she had all the humiliation of meanness to undergo without the trivial satisfaction of having been successful in an intentional deception.

Two coaches at length arived, one for the Baronet, and the other for the good family. Mrs. Stevens observed, that if they took one *between* them it would come eighteen-pence cheaper; but her husband waking at the same moment, swore, that eighteen-pence was no object to him, who had money enough, and added he—

"You may tell that stiff backed lord, I will count guinea for guinea with him any day in the year; and as for lady Susan, if she had been agreeable to Dolly and Sam, I shoudn't have cut her for a

 trifle;

trifle; but as it is, tell her I think she might as well be out of a bodys *debt*, before she comes her half faced gentry airs over a bodys children, they are as good flesh and blood as any a my-ladyship in the land—tell her I want to speak a word about *payment* or *settlement*: I hope the stiff lord won't think *that* bad English; so they may all take my compliments till the cows come home."

Sir Arthur was now seated in his coach, and seeing that the vulgar savage was in a state of beastly intoxication, drew up the glasses and drove away, as if he had not heard a syllable of Stevens's last cowardly and illiberal mennace.

CHAPTER.

CHAPTER II.

THE various incidents which had lately taken place in the two noble families of Montcastle and Deloraine, had in some measure diverted the mind of Lady Susan from her own particular embarrassments and perplexities; but they were of a nature too serious, too important, and

too closely entwined with her future views of happiness not to recur with greater violence, when she attained a moment for the painful prosecution of her solitary reflections.

The letters she now received from Woodville, beamed with the language of the most energetic and animated hope. He was coming to town he informed her, and flattered himself that on his arrival he should have something to communicate, which he trusted would be as agreeable to his dear Susan, as it was charming to himself: he added, that he trusted the days of his probation were past; that the jealous errors of his conduct were eradicated for ever from his mind, as the fair object of his choice appeared to his raptured vision, like the glorious orb of day, when not a passing cloud obscures the rising radiance of his beams.

Conscious

Conscious of her faults, she shuddered at every praise thus liberally bestowed upon her. She knew not how to act. To own her difficulties was a step she dared not take in her own family, as she well knew, that the opinions of her father and of Mrs. Scudamore must be decidedly to her prejudice; and the family of Charles would be still more severe in their censures on her failings: the hints given by Lord Deloraine had been terrible indeed: the fatal moment seemed arriving fast, that was to rob her of her every hope. A mountain seemed rising to impede the union with the only man on earth she ever did, she ever could love. The black clouds of misfortune were gathering fast around her devoted head, and she expected every moment in indescribable emotion, the sudden and terrific explosion of the impending storm.

From Stevens, she could expect but little mercy. From Sir Arthur, she could never more demand assistance; indeed her conscience already upbraided her, with having trespassed on the liberal bounty of that high spirited young man; and what was, indeed, worse, of having lured him from the straight forward path which he had pursued in every other earthly concern of his short, but *interesting* life.

The arrival of the young Baronet in London, after his trip to Margate, was an event, likewise, which tended to increase her anxiety. She wished, yet she dreaded to hear, whether her ill-bred, and inexorable creditor was yet at Margate with his family, or whether he was come to town. With that restlessness of mind which searches for a thousand resources to put off the evil day, which *must* at last arrive;

arrive; she had indulged a flattering hope, that the gaiety of Margate might tempt the Stevens's to remain there some weeks longer: the fact was, that she was at the present moment fearful of quitting her own house, either morning or evening; she dreaded least Stevens should call during her absence, ask to see her father or her aunt, reveal the whole secret of her shame, and thus for ever blast each prospect of her future happiness. She imagined, that if she could herself see him, she might mollify his obdurate heart, and at least prevail upon him to give her a little more time to arrange her dissordered plans, and endeavour to hit on some expedient to extricate her from the perplexing web of difficulties in which she found herself entangled.

If any female should honour these volumes

lumes with a perusal, who feels within herself the slightest inclination to the dangerous allurements of the card table, the moral contemplation of the situation of poor Lady Susan, may afford a lesson of some value and utility. The daughter of a Duke, endowed with high birth, brilliant talents, and exalted spirit, is here seen trembling at the name of a grovelling fellow; low in his origin; vulgar in his manners; and poor even in his *very soul.* The picture is so strong, that to dwell long upon its description would surly be superfluous: I shall only remark, that the sad originals may be too often found. The gaming table, like *death, levels all distinctions!* and like *misery, brings us into strange company.*

*

Sir Arthur, on his return, of course, was received by the whole family with their accustomed smiles, but when his fair friend

friend examined the lineaments of his expressive countenance, she could read too well, that the intelligence he brought for her, was not by any means of an animating or consoling nature.

> "E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> "So pale, so dead in look, so woe begone;
> "Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
> "And would have told him, half his Troy was burnt;
> "But Priam found the fire, ere *he* his *tongue*."

The same mournful spirit of prophecy darkened the mind of poor Susan, when Sir Arthur's presence, for the first time in her life, failed of filling her heart with sensations of the most joyous nature.

When he had an opportunity of entering into a *téte-a-téte* with her, he distantly hinted his hopes of her being ready to satisfy the demands of her imperious

creditor; she deeply sighed, and answered in the negative.

"Indeed, indeed! I am very sorry to hear it! the loss of the money was a most provoking circumstance:—What is to be done?—I travelled in the mail with the Stevens family as I came from Margate, and I find the old fellow so highly offended at the scene which took place in the Assembly Room there, that I really am afraid nothing we can say or do, will be able to pacify him: he swears he will either have his money, or else expose your circumstances to the whole family: how he is to get it, Heaven knows!—you say that you are quite unprepared for him; you know dear Susan how ready I should be to assist you, but upon my honour I am drained quite dry:—what with yourself—little Dick—the old woman, and all together, I have been forced

to

to draw away in a galloping stile. My guardians wonder what the duce I could have done with so much cash, and I am fearful they will not come down with any more in a hurry;—I hope you are well assured, that, if I had ten thousand pounds, I would part with my last shilling, rather than see you shed a single tear; and when I come to be master of my own property, you will find I can *act* as well as *talk*."

At these affectionate words, the fair sufferer wiped away the pearly drops which had trickled down her cheeks during his pathetic appeal. She advanced towards him, and kissing his forehead, assured him, that whatever might be the toils, the cares, the agonies to which she might in future be exposed, she should arm herself with fortitude to endure them; for her to complain of her sorrows would,

would, (she added) be the height of injustice, as there was no one calamity which she had not brought on herself.

"No, no! my dear Arthur!" she continued, "the virtuous female who is suddenly overwhelmed by the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune; who is overthrown by the rude shock of calamity may smile amid the wreck of all her fairest—her most splendid hopes; while the rude billows overwhelm her, she may say; rage on, I have fulfilled my duties!—chance, fate, and fortune are alone to blame!—This consolation is denied to *me*. In the bitter anguish of upbraiding thought—ah! where can Susan fly for comfort, hope, or consolation?—whom can *she* blame?—not fortune;—for that liberal power had showered her choicest blessings on her head; birth, rank, wealth, a fathers gentle smile; a lovers purest

vows

vows!—all, all were in my grasp!—what have I done?—with my own rash hand I have blotted a landscape, fair as Paradise itself!—I have stripped the leaves from the rose bud, and have preserved the thorns alone:—Arthur! my dear Arthur! you weep—but you must learn to forget me—me—my sorrows and my errors!"

"Never!—never dearest Susan! can I forget you."

"You must!—you must!—dear, generous, amiable youth! you *must*. The great power who has given you a heart for charitable sympathetic feelings, never meant its emotions to be confined to the narrow sphere of your own family: It was intended, like the genial dews of Heaven, to chear each opening plant around. Amidst all my foibles, let me trust the gross failing of selfishness is not to be traced;

traced; you have already done more for me than I have deserved, reserve your future bounties for objects more meritorious. If my errors should banish me from my dear Woodville, a silent retreat, where in the bosom of obscurity my future life may glide away in penitence and sorrow, is all I shall dare to ask or hope for, from the Duke my father. In that sad solitude, dear Arthur! when my prayers asscend to him, whose manifold bounties I have abused, I will remember *thee;* yes, in my orisons a daily suppilcation for thy prosperity, shall never be omitted—that honour, happiness, and the inestimable blessing of obedient passions, and unsullied purity of heart, may still continue to enrich that noble, generous breast! a prayer like *this*, is all your poor, unhappy Susan now can offer. Go!—go dear boy! be prosperous, and be virtuous—your future bounties will make

many

many happier—much happier than your poor Susan, but it is quite impossible for them to make a single being more sensible, or more grateful."

The words of the afflicted penitent were daggers to the heart of the sensitive Conyers: he mingled his tears with hers, and urged every argument which reason could suggest, or hope could offer, to charm her from the settled melancholy which had taken such full possession of her soul.

These arguments were vain; her present sorrow was rooted, deep, and full. It was not the childish regret which sheds the transient tear over the momentary privation of past pleasure; no—it was the penitential memory which shrinks from the squallid phantoms of a mispent life:—it was the sickness of the heart, which finds

finds no cordial in the recollection of days long vanished:—It was a dreary void, a clouded sky, an ocean without one landmark to allure the storm-tost passenger. Sorrow, doubt, anxiety and terror ravished the roses from her cheek, and robbed her frame of all its former elasticity. Sir Arthur left her quite infected with the contagion of her melancholy, and the whole family were at a loss to account for this sudden alteration in the health and spirits of them both. Doctor Glynne could clearly perceive, that the illness of Lady Susan was occasioned—

> " By the perilous stuff
> " That weighs upon the heart."

He used his utmost endeavours to attain a knowledge of the source of her malady, but she soon perceived his intention,

tention, and so effectually guarded her looks, words, and actions, that she diverted and confounded his penetration, and baffled the exertions of his skill.

She was more than once on the point of making one bold effort, and throwing herself on the mercy and bounty of her uncle Lord John. The present temperature of that noblemans mind, made such an attempt almost desperate and impracticable. His malady seemed to have grown with his years, and instead of being weakened, to have gained additional vigour from the lapse of time. His nerves were in the most irritable state, and it was only for a very few hours in the course of the day, that he could endure the presence of his most intimate friends. Henry Tempest was, alone, an interesting object—a welcome visitant at all

all times, and at all seasons. He had an assuasive power over the passions, and agonies of his benefactor, which was truly wonderful. When the malady with which he was afflicted, mocked the medicinal powers of opiates, and of poppies, the voice of Henry would lull the turbid passions to a calm. His discourses on the divine attributes would sooth the mind of Lord O'Carrol, even in those dreadful moments, when it appeared the most distracted by the warring tumult of contending hopes and fears.

At such times the agitated lord would ask his young friend, if he thought any nice adherence to particular rules or tenets, were necessary in the *strictest* sense, for future happiness:—" if so," he added, " what will become of the numerous tribes and sects upon the face of the globe? the catholic, and the pro-

testant seem to be merely divided by a narrow isthmus of opinion, while mountains rise between the christian and the mahometan; the votary of Zoroaster, and the disciple of Confucius!" under a question so ponderous and so mighty, would Henry reply:—

"The enfeebled energy of human intellect must ever sink abashed, confounded and exhausted. Volumes have been written on the awful and interesting doubts you have just proposed; and the divine providence has proved, beyond the finite metaphysics of a feeble erring creature. The human understanding, lost in a maze of fears, a labyrinth of doubts, may perhaps find its safest anchor in an axiom evident to all, even the meanest capacity, that Heaven is *merciful:* secure on this rock, we may perhaps found a rational expectation, a hope replete with

comfort;

comfort; that if to the best of our knowledge, and according to the best instruction we can gain, we worship the giver of all good things, with a true and thankful heart, our mode of faith, which so materially depends on climate, education, and on custom, will not be weighed with the narrow prejudices of human precision, in the great balance of eternal justice."

"Henry—my dear Henry! how mild, how calm, how consoling are your doctrines. You partly then agree with me, that the sages of antiquity, the Senecas, the Platos, and the Socrates's of the ancient world, are not to be condemned for the tenets they advanced?"

"They are to be pitied my lord; but let us hope not to be condemned. Unlike the infidels of modern days, they did not shut their ears against the light. The

moral

moral code of ethics they held out for the conduct of mankind, was perfect as the darkness in which they were involved could enable them to form. For their errors, compassion may pay the tribute of a tear—to their genius posterity may heave a sigh. It is the *modern* atheist who claims our scorn, our anger and contempt. For *differing* faiths we have every compassion; our resentment alone, is reserved for the man who professes not *any faith*;—nay some not *contented* with this silent scorn of religion, walk the face of the earth, *provoking* by their impious blasphemies the slumbering vengence of an offended deity. Like Satan of old, they are not contented to sin themselves, but are ever holding out temptations to allure others to their opinions. He who pays his worship, as I have said before, to the best of his abilities—whose practice is an example to those by whom he is surrounded

surrounded—who loves and fears one great supreme—who acts with mercy, and who thinks with charity, can never have good reason for despair."

Such were the frequent discourses of Henry and Lord John. The language of the young clergyman, was very far superior to the stile in which my poor pen has been able to transmit it to the perusal of the reader; but such was the *substance*.

Old as the hills! the critic will perhaps exclaim:—*granted;* Henry Tempest did not affect to invent new dogmas; he did not wish to flourish in metaphor, or compose light flimsey essays for the diversion (for *edification* would be a bad phrase) of fashionable congregations; he pursued the course of his religious studies with all the vigour, but with all the simplicity of

of learning. The doctrines of christianity appeared to him so lovely in its native graces, that he thought all meretricious ornaments would serve to *encumber* rather than *adorn* it. With the simplicity in which he indulged in speculation and in writing, did he deliver his sentiments as they naturally arose in his mind. He had no affectation; and he thought with the pious Cowper, that *all* coxcombical manners were the disgrace of the Pulpit.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
"Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
"Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
"That he is honest in the sacred cause
"To such I render more than mere respect,
"Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
"But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
"In conversation frivolous, in dress
"Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
"Frequent in Park, with lady at his side,
"Ambling, and prattling scandal as he goes;
"But rare at home, and never at his books,
"Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card,
"Constant at routs, familiar with a round

"Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
"Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
"And well prepared by ignorance and sloth.
"By infidelity and love o' th' world
"To make Gods house a sinecure, a slave
"To his own pleasures, and his patrons pride—
"From such apostles, O ye mitred heads
"Preserve the Church! and lay not careless hands
"On sculls that can not *teach*, and will not *learn*."

Who could like Cowper, thus well describe what a clergyman ought *not* to be! who can like Cowper so well delineate what a clergyman *ought* to be?—if he could wound like the warrior of Ithaca, in the shadow of darkness, his voice could like Ulysses, charm at the returning dawn of day. He could paint in characters of light, with (as the fine poem on the Pursuits of Literature describes it) "a pen "dipp'd in mind."

Henry Tempest is one of the darling children of the present work; it is a character

racter (as we all have our prejudices) on which I sometimes dilate with a paternal partiality; and as every parent is excused on the plea of natural affection, for thinking his own offspring endued with qualities superior to the issue of others, I hope, and trust I may be pardoned if I now and then step out of my streight road, to indulge in the praise of my youthful favorite. I sometimes imagine that Cowper, a poet whom I think not even inferior to Pope, for the vigour of his versification, and the strong nerve of his satire, meant to delineate my own adopted Henry, in a character he has drawn of an English divine; as it is the counterpart to the one we have been delineating, and as praise is ever a more grateful task than censure, I shall take the liberty of quoting it, as many of my readers may never have heard Henry Tempest when inspired by the full fervour of a pure and benevolent religion; the words of Cowper

will present him more fully before them, than any effort of a pen like the one I wield can dare attempt.

" I say the Pulpit (in the sober use
" Of its legitimate peculiar powers)
" Must stand acknowledg'd while the world shall stand.
" The most important and effectual guide,
" Support and ornament of virtues cause."

" *There* stands the messenger of truth, there stands
" The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
" His office sacred, his credentials clear.
" By *him* the violated law speeks out
" Its thunders: and by *him* in strains as sweet
" As angels use, the *Gospel whispers peace.*
" He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
" Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
" And, arm'd himself in Panoply complete,
" Of Heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
" Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
" Of holy discipline, to glorious war
" The sacramental host of God's elect."

COWPER'S POEMS.

That Henry Tempest deserved the character I have thus applied to him, is evidently and incontrovertibly proved, by

by the salutary effects which his advice and conversation had on the mind, temper, and spirits of the unhappy Lord John.

This nobleman had daily cause to bless the hour which had conducted him to the spot, where he had been enabled to preserve Henry and Laura from the overwhelming waves. Providence which never suffers a benevolent action to go without its due reward, had in this peculiar instance evinced itself most just. In the orphan of his bounty, he had found the friend of his adversity, the most skilful physician for his mental malady. He was grateful for the gift, and never closed his eyes without breathing a fervent thanksgiving for the blessing he had found in his youthful monitor.

A heavy secret lay at his heart, which he often wished to disclose to his beloved

 Henry

Henry, but some unaccountable emotion, some strong start of passion, ever interposed, and the burthen with accumulated weight, still lay cold and ponderous on his lacerated heart. Henry had no vain curiosity, he waited with respectful silence, till the hour might arrive, when his noble benefactor should think it conducive to his *own* peace, and comfort, to pour out his full soul before him. He dreaded least the evil, communicated, should be beyond his power of alleviation, and the tender mind of Heury could take no pleasure in the contemplation of a wound, to which he could not administer a balm.

Lord O'Carrol had been considerably hurt and mortified at the letter, which had withdrawn the brother and sister from the more active operation of his bounty, and though their conduct since that period, had been, if possible, more tenderly

tenderly respectful towards him than ever, the shock was more than he could endure with fortitude. The whole business of his existence, for many years, had no other tendency but to serve and oblige them, and when this grateful occupation was withdrawn from him, life appeared a blank, and he looked upon himself as a solitary stalking shadow on the face of the earth, forsaken by the whole world, and now without a human being who was interested for *him*, or would allow him to be solicitous for them.

These sombre sad reflections clouded his fancy: the brother and sister observed with an aching heart, that he daily seemed more and more dejected, and they began to feel a bitter kind of self-reproach, which inly told them, that by the indulgence of their own feelings of independency, they had imbittered the hours of their benefactor, and probably by these

means added double acuteness to the dreadful calamity with which he was afflicted. They now began to fear, that they had carried their notions too far:—the spirit of philosophical inquiry, ever wakeful in the mind of young Tempest, was quickly excited, and the result was, that the condition of man is naturally inconsistent with a pure and thorough independence on his fellow creatures. If he *must* be obliged to some one then, to whom could he so readily acknowledge an obligation as Lord John O'Carrol? nay, was he not already so deeply bound to him, so loaded with his favours, that any future addition could only operate with the preponderancy of a feather on the weight? his *life* was the gift of the patron of his infancy—but that prime bounty was overpowered in the consideration that he and Laura were likewise indebted to Lord John for all that could render life tolerable to themselves, or useful

ful to others. The education he had given them, had elevated them to the rank of reasonable beings. The very refinement which had taught them to renounce his kindness, had been the precious gift of his benevolence. To make use of that gift to affect the noble, the expansive heart of the donor, could not surely then be either a suitable or a grateful return. Ingratitude was a charge, of which neither Henry nor Laura Tempest could support the idea with any adequate degree of patience.

They resolved, therefore, to come to a compromise between the warmer emotions of LordJohn, and the refined sensibilities of their own souls, and Henry took an occasion, as his patron was expressing a heartfelt sorrow at the mode in which his cares and offers had been cast off, to pledge his solemn *word of honour* to his Lordship, that if ever any circumstance

 occurred

occurred which might involve either his sister or himself in difficulties of a pecuniary nature, he would, without disguise or reserve, make him acquainted with every particular, and feel not the least reluctance at applying to him for every succour and relief, either his influence, or his fortune gave Lord John the ability of extending for the benefit of his friends and clients.

With this vague, uncertain kind of promise the patron was compelled to yield a kind of half assent.

Henry at that period imagined he had fulfilled every law of duty—every engagement of honour. His prospects were then unclouded, if not brilliant, and he saw but little chance of being reduced to the painful necessity of diverting the stream of Lord John's bounty.

He

He wished it to flow through the cottage of the poor, and to refresh the dungeon of the captive. Health, peace, and competency seemed firmly and immutably in the possession of Laura and himself, and more they wished not for, they valued not. Of the immutability of fortune the notion is absurd; yet, how few even of the wisest of us, act as if we were not to be tomorrow as we are to day! no one had read the writings of the ancients with more attention than Tempest; he had sighed over the splendid ruins of the Roman Empire; he had found the rulers of the universe, one day invested with the purple, and the diadem, the next page described them murdered by their mutinous legions, or suffering under the ax of the common executioner in the chilling, solitary dungeon. Of these things he had read, and had sighed over the volume.

The Volume of human life—the chapters of the human passions, he had as yet, however, but only *half* perused.

CHAPTER III.

THE confusion which had been excited by the recent occurrences in the family of Lord Deloraine, were from motives of delicacy concealed from Henry Tempest as long as possible.

Laura had submitted the first proposals of

of Lord Ernest to her brother, who had given her all proper advice in the delicate predicament wherein she stood. Laura asked him if he thought she ought to make Daltons family acquainted with the step he had taken; with true fraternal affection, he had desired her to set her heart at rest upon the subject, as he would consult with a sensible and aged friend, and give her the result of their mutual deliberations.

The consequence of this arrangement was, Tempest's informing Laura, that it was the opinion of his friend, that she could not with propriety divulge the proposal of Dalton to any person. His proffer of marriage, was the highest compliment a man of honour could pay to a woman of virtue, and imply'd a confidence, that if she rejected his petition, she would not make his misfortune public. "A secret of this kind," he added,

"was

" was seldom rigidly odserved, and that if Lord Dalton found the trust he had reposed in her violated by a useless, and frivolous loquacity, he would have just cause to reproach her with having returned a designed benefit with an intentional injury."

" But should Lord Dalton himself mention it my dear Henry?"

" Well, Laura—Lord Dalton though a little gay in his manners, is a young nobleman of unblemished character, generous principles, and high notions of honour; any thing that he can possibly state to his family must be to your honour, and you have several corroborating testimonies to vouch for the purity of your intentions. The first, and surest monitor is within your own breast, and as for worldly opinion, which nothing but vice or folly can despise, you have myself,

myself, and my virtuous, venerable old friend, ever ready and willing to stand forward as zealous vouchers in your behalf."

The approbation and the counsel of her brother, were always sufficient to determine the actions and sentiments of Laura in all the situations of life to which a young woman can be exposed; without his advice she was timid, but inspired with his opinion, she could think and act with all the vigorous activity of virtue. Though Henry was the last man, who would have joined the popular torrent in any one thing immoral or improper, he had a value for the sentiments of the world, in all the general occurrences of life, and could never feel any degree of respect for the female who could even *affect* to despise it.

"Example my dear Laura," he would say,

say, " is of the *greatest efficacy*, the most salutary tendency. It is not enough to be virtuous and pious, it is graceful, it is proper to appear so. Levity in public argues want of the modest timidity, which is the greatest ornament of your sex. Modesty is the mother of the virtues, and the daughter of the Graces. It forms the tender mother, the domestic guardian, and the admirable wife."

Some readers will say, my Hero preached out of the pulpit, and if that be any gratification to them, I will freely allow that he was just as moral out of a church as he was pious in it:—however, to relieve the critic from his fatigue, I will first promise to shorten my sermons in future, and next pursue the thread of my story by informing him, that in consequence of Henry's advice, Laura mentioned not Dalton's first proposal of marriage.

We must refer our reader to the dialogue between Lord Deloraine and his eldest son, at, or nearly at the end of the third volume, where he will be pleased to recollect, that the young lover made a full disclosure in *propria persona*, to his astonished father.

The Earl of Deloraine was too liberal to extend any thing like ill will towards the unoffending Henry and Laura. He endeavoured as much as possible to preserve that urbanity, and affability in the presence of those young personages, which he had hitherto been wont to shew; notwithstanding all this eager and sincere wish to act with strictest equity, he and his Countess could not avoid a certain involuntary rigidity of manner, and a kind of unwilling distance and reserve in their conversation and expressions.

Where the heart is susceptible, and the

the nerves delicate, no exterior of politeness can conceal these sudden alterations: their effects may glide imperceptibly over the rough surface of grosser minds, but to the susceptible man or woman, the most minute deviations are marked with scrupulous attention.

Some plants can thrive in native vigour while the icicle hangs on the bough, the slightest breeze will shake the foilage from the branches, and kill the opening blossoms of others. The race of man is as the race of the vegetable world in this particular: Henry and his sister were of the sensitive genus; they shrunk from the touch even of kindness; ill, therefore, must they have been adapted to endure the rude griping pressure of coldness or neglect. Henry soon perceived this visible alteration in the manners of the man to whom, next to the generous Lord John, he had hitherto been accustomed

tomed to look up as his best worldly friend.

He was in the first instance, unwilling to give way to the idea. He knew the rectitude of his sisters conduct—the probity of his own heart. He was convinced that Lord Deloraine could not attach any blame to them, without being *himself* guilty of the greatest illiberality and injustice; of these failings he was unwilling to imagine that a former benefactor could be capable, and knowing the jealous vigilance, the pertenacious nicety of his own feelings in all cases of this description; he was willing to think, that cares, business, and family concern was the genuine cause of the *apparent* variation in his Lordships conduct.

But the eye that is averse to the contemplation of a spot in the bright disk of the sun, can not close the visual nerve to the black

black cloud which obscures the blue expanse of Heaven.

The coldness of Lord Deloraine soon grew so very palpable, that it was impossible for Henry any longer to appear insensible to the daily and gradual alteration. Politeness was still conspicuous in all that was either said or done, but politeness is a cold, chilly substitute for that glowing comfortable emotion which results from the natural feelings of the heart. When conviction was once forced upon him, he no longer doubted how he was to act. He saw that Lord Deloraine and the Duke of Montcastle had been lately canvassing his own conduct, and that of his sister; that they had not appreciated either the one or the other as they ought, was to him a subject of painful concern, of serious regret. He had only one method to pursue, one alternative to adopt; either patiently to eat the

the bread of those men, who had injured him by thinking meanly of him, and of one much *dearer* than *himself*, or by one bold decided action, to convince them, that honest men have feelings, for whose violation no price can ever be adequate—for whose injuries no pecuniary recompence can ever be sufficient.

He was not one of those who form hasty decisions; but when his mind was once made up, his actions were vigorous, prompt and decisive. His conscience, not his fears, kept him in balance, and when under the impression of having that testimony in his favour, he could always stand in that firmness, that mental collectiveness which Horace has so excellently expressed by the Latin words—

"*Totus teres atque cotundus.*"

And

And which like many strong phrases cannot be translated into English with any tolerable efficacy or precision.

He therefore, instantly dispatched a letter to the Duke, and another to his Lordship. In these epistles he expressed in manly, but respectful terms, the high sense he entertained of the many favours which had been conferred, both on his sister and himself; "favours," he added, "which he should hate himself, were he ever to forget. In obscurity he should be grateful, and were it possible for him to bask in the sun shine of splendour and prosperity, he flattered himself he could never be less so."

After this modest enumeration of benefits received, he assumed a stile more dignified and more assured. He expressed his regret, that he or his sister should have even been an *innocent* cause of confusion

fusion or disquietude to a family who had so many claims on their respect; he desired, however, that the conduct of Laura might be inquired into, with strictness, and investigated with rigour; he demanded, as an act of justice due both to her and himself, that the prejudices of early intimacy, the leniencies of partiality might be put entirely out of the question. He conjured them by the sacred power of truth, to be open in their charges, decided in their censures; no half measures could be sufficient for his sister, or satisfactory to himself; *she* stood on so nice, so delicate a point, that a mere exculpation was not sufficient: she must be either acquitted or condemned, if she could be implicated in the slightest degree of levity; "if by the most distant hint, the most remote insinuation," added the ardent young man, "my sister shall appear to have fostered the hopes, or encouraged the addresses of Lord Dalton,

severe

severe as her other judges may prove, I am confident, that in her brother she will find the most stern—the most open accuser!" His letter, towards the conclusion, returned to the tone of reverential gratitude with which it had been commenced.

This epistle was read to all whom it concerned, in full assemblage of both families, and the following answer was returned in a few days, subscribed with the signature of all the principals.

" *To the Rev$^{d.}$ Henry Tempest.*"

" Lord Deloraine takes the earliest
" opportunity of satisfying the mind of
" Mr. Tempest, with respect to the de-
" licate circumstances alluded to in his

 " letter

" letter. Lord Deloraine assures Mr. " Tempest, that if he is disposed to im- " agine any alteration of esteem, he at- " tributes feelings to Lord D, of which " he is totally unconscious; his objec- " tions on the subject hinted at, are " founded on his paternal anxiety for " Lord Dalton, without the slightest idea " of disrespect to Miss Laura Tempest, " to whose merit, and rigid propriety the " whole family of Lord Deloraine, as also " that of his Grace the Duke of Mont- " castle, are proud and happy to bear " witness."

" Signed,

" *Deloraine,*
" *Æmilia Countess of Deloraine,*
" *His Grace the Duke of Montcastle,*
" *Lady Susan O'Carrol.*"

There

There was a sort of stately coldness in the above letter, which did not exactly please Henry Tempest, he gave it, however, the consideration of a few days, after which, he sent the following reply.

" From some recent events, Mr. " Tempest is well aware, that his pre- " sence in the noble families of Deloraine " and Montcastle, would be the means " of raising ideas, and of exciting dis- " putes, which would inevitably be the " cause of much confusion and uneasi- " ness. The writer of the present letter, " *feels* that if the sacrifice of life, or all " that makes life dear to him, could con- " tribute in the slightest degree to the " happiness of his benefactors, he could " resign his own felicity without a sigh—

 " without

"without a murmur, for the security of
"theirs: but reason, gratitude, and pru-
"dence, all admonish him of the neces-
"sity of his quitting a spot where his
"presence can tend to no one purpose,
"but the excitement of confusion and
"uneasiness. The employments he
"holds, he esteems it as a matter of
"duty and of conscience to resign; the
"advantages he has hitherto drawn from
"them, assure his gratitude for the past,
"and his most respectful acknowledge-
"ments for the future; he trusts that
"the well known liberality of the two
"august houses in question, will weigh
"his motives in the scale of candour,
"and not attribute his conduct to a false
"pride, but generously place it to its
"real account; a rigid sense of honour
"and propriety."

The

The unlucky passion of Ernest had thus involved a whole society of intimate friends, in doubt, jealousy, and confusion; the younger branches of Deloraine and Montcastle, were, to an individual, in favour of Henry Tempest and his sister. The Duke and Earl thought, that the young gentleman had carried his high spirited notions of independency a *little* too far. Mrs. Scudamore triumphantly observed, that, " matters were come to a fine pass, since they were all to be *dragooned* by Lord John's foundlings."

Painful as his situation was, Henry was now bound in honour to reveal his present destitute cirsumstances to his patron Lord O'Carrol; his task was a very difficult—a very delicate one; it was absolutely necessary the whole truth should be revealed; and yet the high minded Tempest would rather have

 braved

braved all the assaults of poverty and hardship, than have involved Lord John in a dispute with his brother, his relatives, and his connections. He told his story, therefore, in a way the most disadvantageous to his own cause and interest, and by his omissions and suppressions, ran every hazard of exposing himself to the censure of his benefactor.

Lord John knew him too well, not to be assured, that even his errors must be on the right side, and originate in the integrity of his mind, the generosity of his heart. He was, likewise, unknown to the young gentleman, thoroughly acquainted with the whole merits of the cause: he had received a full and explicit account of all the circumstances from the pen of Lady Susan. Absorbed in her own sorrows—harrassed, and distracted by her own perplexities, she yet had

had time to admire the fortitude of Henry and Laura.

His rejection of the bounty of her family, appeared to her, as to the rest—a species of weakness, but it was evidently the weakness of a noble nature; *admiration* was the predominant sentiment she felt on the occasion. She could perceive that Mrs. Scudamore was willing to avail herself of this opportunity, of lowering the orphan brother and sister, in the opinion of their nearest friends.

She beheld her sitting with Cat like watch, eager for the moment when she might dart upon her prey. To avert the threatened mischief which hung over the heads of Henry and Laura, now occupied the anxious thoughts of the fair Susan, and in the pure philanthropic spirit of unsophisticated benevolence, she wrote

a letter, privately, to Lord John, which would, she flattered herself, prove an adequate antidote to any poison, which might be instilled into his mind, to the prejudice of two innocent and unfortunate beings, who owed their past existance to his favour, and had no other friend in the world but himself, to whom they could look forward for their future support in a world replete with trials and with difficulties.

Lord John never loved Lady Susan half so well, as he did on the receipt of this epistle, which he bedewed with tears of grateful sympathy; there was no sacrifice he would not at that moment have made the generous girl, and he immediately determined to present her with a noble sum on the day of her marriage with Charles Woodville: as for Henry, he could not blame him.

Lady

Lady Susan had exacted a solemn promise, that Lord John would not evince any alteration in his conduct, either to the Duke or the Earl of Deloraine. Gratitude bound him strongly in her chains, or he certainly would have expressed the swelling indignation of his heart, with all the rhetoric his eloquence could have supplied. He insisted, however, on Henry's acceptance of a sum adequate to the profits of the situation he had so recently given up.

To put an end to every expostulation of the young man, on this subject, which was about to grow painful to them both; he informed him that his present reception of so trifling a pittance, would only be to take what in effect belonged to himself a few years sooner than was intended.

 Affectionately

Affectionately grasping the hand of the orphan of all his cares—all his solicitude; a tear trickled down the face of Lord John, as he added—

"I have a melancholy presentment, my dear boy, that the dreadful struggles of my brain, the combats, the fightings of a distracted heart, will shortly be concluded. The shade of my father, last night, appeared to me, he was gracious and smiling—yes, thank Heaven! the eye that glared in horrour; the frown that petrified with icy coldness, was effaced from his forehead; he told me, that I should soon follow him; that the *Earthquake* would have no future terrours.—Henry, you shall, on my death bed, know the cause of all my pangs—the source of all the wanderings of my tortured imagination: my brain has long been one wild jarring chaos; it is the *incurable* wound of

of the *heart* that has thus disordered the *head.* Your counsels, your precepts have kept me from the condition of those unhappy wretches who rave in darkness and in chains. You have brought religion to my comfort, and hope yet mingles one sweet drop in my overflowing cup of bitterness. You are dear to me as though you had been my own son. I owe you every thing. I conjure you then, my dear, dear child! not to deny me the only sad solitary consolation this earth can now afford me—the blessing of contributing to your felicity, and that of the divine, the angel Laura;—let me feel that, though I am a withering oak, two flowerets can yet flourish under my protecting shade, deny me this, I fall a useless trunk upon the ground—and fall to rise no more! confound me not with the rest of my family!—*I* never mistook your motives—never injured your feelings—

deny not the request of a wretched miserable being?—Oh! be the son of my remaining cares?"

Henry affected and overpowered by this strongly pathetic appeal, sunk on his knees, and clasping the hand of the father by adoption, exclaimed—

" Do with me as you will, my Lord, my noble benefactor! my more than parent!"

Thus were the brother and sister placed in a situation superior to their former rank in life. They held themselves bound by a sacred promise not to owe any obligations to a living creature, save the Lord O'Carol alone.

That nobleman was delighted at being thus enabled to resume his former pleas-

ing

ing occupation of providing for the well-being of these, to him, most interesting objects in the wide round of creation. He had felt a vacancy of heart and mind: the want of some active occupation had given him leisure to dwell on objects of a sombre cast, and the pencil of despondency is ever active to obscure lifes landscape, and involve the distance in shadows and in clouds. This present opportunity of being useful, gave a momentary vigour to his nerves, and accelerated the circulation of his blood. He appeared somewhat more active and chearful, than he had hitherto been for some months past. He doted on Laura as much as he respected her brother. The grace of her manners, her unassuming simplicity, formed the charm of his existence.

Mr. Tracey for whom he had long cherished a high esteem, and to whom, the

the reader may recollect he was indebted for a great act of kindness and civility, was at this period returned after a long absence, to London, with his lovely daughter Helen.

Henry Tempest had ever entertained a very sincere regard for Miss Tracey, who was an unaffected, sensible, well bred, young woman. His attentions were remarked by both Laura, and Lord John. The latter, who sincerely wished to see his adopted ton settled in life, began to wish that his suspicions might have a foundation, and that Henry and Helen might have a regard for each other.

Miss Tracey, with a sensible heart and a lively mind, was one of those tranquil young ladies, at whom cupid may aim his arrows till his bow string snaps, without producing any mischievous effect. She

She was gay, pleasant, accomplished:—she could listen to all the pretty things that could be said, by all the beaux of a drawing room; make them very vain of her smiles—dream that they had made an impression on her heart, while, without the slightest tincture of affectation, the next time she saw them, their features, names, and speeches, were all effaced entirely from her memory. She had read a great deal, and was eager to learn all she could; it was not, therefore, at all surprising, that she should court every opportunity of improving her mind, by her frequent *téte-a-tétes* with young Tempest.

The affairs of Henry and Laura, had been so much perplexed, and involved by the hurry of the late occurrences, that the whole œconomy of their little establishment had been thrown into the greatest degree of disorder and confusion. The

The busy scenes with which the brother was engaged, made it necessary for the sister to take her residence for a short period with some female friend, until his plan should be arranged, and all difficulties adjusted by some mode or other. It was a perplexity, at the present crisis of affairs, to decide who this confidential friend should be.

The house of Mrs. Hanbury being so near the metropolis, it was at length determined, that she should take up her residence with her, for some time; not that Laura felt any strong predilection for the above-mentioned lady; but she was one of those, whose equal tempers are not ruffled by every slight occurrence of life; she was not accustomed to magnify every little undulation of lifes ocean, to a stormy sea, or to create the mountain from the ant-hill. It was constitutional

tional in her to smooth difficulties, rather than to create them; and it was her creed, that trifles which concern particulars, ought never to stand in the way of general accommodation:—for this reason, she herself pointed out the house of Mrs. Hanbury as an asylum the most fit for her, until the present family disputes should be adjusted and arranged.

On Miss Tempest's arrival at Hampstead, she found Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury seated, with Mrs. Williams, at the tea table, having only returned the day before; they had prevailed on the latter lady to take a bed with them, and she was to return the next day.

Laura was welcomed by Mrs. Hanbury with the poetical exclamation of—"Come to my arms thou wandering—!" but whether the good lady meant to join

Sheep,

Sheep, or *Jew*, is a point that must still remain a matter of doubt; for, though she had studied and composed the sublime compliment on the spur of the occasion, yet being often troubled with that *confusion* of ideas to which your great wits are ever liable; her brain was so jumbled and disarranged, that her flaming address terminated in mere smoke, and ended with a dull prosaical—" how do you do, Miss Tempest?"

Mr. Hanbury, with his usual officiousness, ran to reach her a chair, holding the buttered toast between his teeth all the time, in order to have both hands at liberty.

Laura returning the friendly salutation of Mrs. Williams, immediately seated herself, and endeavoured by an assumed composure of countenance, to hide the many

many sorrowful feelings with which her mind had been impressed from the recent occurrences which had taken place in London; she likewise greatly dreaded the ever active curiosity of Mrs. Hanbury,

In hopes of rendering himself agreeable, Mr. Hanbury gave a long and tedious detail of his journey from Margate, highly extolling their providence in the plan they had adjusted, of carrying a cold leg of mutton, and half a dozen of threepenny tongues with them in the chaise, as dining on the road was grown intollerably expensive—to prove which, he added, "he could remember the time, when a body might have a snack for eighteen-pence, small beer included, and get clear out of an Inn for a shilling a head, waiter and all:—now mark the change; if you eat three mouthfuls of cold meat, which has

has been in the house a week past, three shillings; if you don't call for wine, the waiters won't come near you, though you bawl till you are black in the face; if you have a pint of port, you get it in a vinegar crewet, and the man that dances in and out is dressed so smart and jemmy, that you must give him a shilling at least—add to all, which, Innkeepers grow as rude and impertinent as the duce, unless you spend as much at a meal as would keep a whole family snug and comfortable for a week."

Vexed to death at his thus openly laying bare his penurious disposition, Mrs. Hanbury cut him short in the middle of this tedious harrangue, with—

" I vow, Mr. Hanbury, one ought to have nerves of steel, to be able to sit with any patience during such an inelegant

gant and unsentimental account about nothing at all—do ring for candles? we are all in the dark, and as melancholy as if we had a coffin placed before us."

Rising in silence to obey the mandate of his peremptory spouse, he was startled by a loud ring of the gate bell, which operated so forcibly on his auricular nerves, that he stopped them with both his fingers, at the same time exclaiming—

"Dear me! dear me! has the French come?"

The maid servant opened the door, and after a stifled giggle in the passage, announced Mrs. Williams's man, who was come with a coach.

"Oh, tell him to come in directly," rejoined the good lady, "I am very uneasy

easy till I am informed how all goes on at home."

The man entered—he appeared old, infirm, and in liquor; he held a large handkerchief to his mouth, and had another of an immoderate size curiously twisted about his neck.

"Have you got the tooth ache, John?" interrogated his mistress in a kind tone, which was immediately varied to accents of asperity as she demanded.—"How dare you assume the liberty of coming into any room without taking off your hat?"

At the instant Mrs. Hanbury's servant brought in candles, the man appeared conscious of the impropriety he had committed, but with the hat, he likewise pulled off the old bob wig, which closely

adhered

adhered to it, and discovered the light curley locks of——Sir Arthur Conyers.

Those who recollect the usual character of this merry youth, will not be surprised at his taking a whim of supplying old John's place, into his head. He had heard him grumbling at being compelled to go so far to fetch his mistress home, on the very day when a piece of business of the greatest consequence to his poor family asked his presence *elsewhere*.

" Oh, what a famous piece of fun have I lost!" exclaimed the youth, as he picked up the fallen jasey, " by this plaguy old *Caxon* tumbling off, and leaving me in the lurch!—Well, how are ye all, good folks? I am in a mighty hurry to be jogging, for I met Doctor Glynne just as I was going to disguise myself, he said poor uncle John was very low, and begged

ged me to go and sit with him at his lodgings."

Conyers then, after he had cordially shaken hands with the whole party, slily whispered in the ear of Laura.

" I met Dalton to day, and he looked just as if he were either going to be hanged or married—so *dumpish!* so *crop fallen!*—Oh, the dear delights of having a friend in love!—I wonder who the little mischievous hussy is, that has thus ruined one of the most lively, jolly dogs in all the whole town?"

Thus rattled the giddy boy, heedless of the confusion of Laura, to whom *alone* his jargon was intelligible. After this *jeu d' esprit*, he hurried off Mrs Williams, to the no small satisfaction of poor Mr. Hanbury, who was sitting in all the agonies of suspence, least he should

be compelled to produce a supper for the regale of the flighty Barronet, and his staid companion.

On his arrival in town, Sir Arthur called upon Lord John O'Carrol; Ben, upon opening the door informed him, that he durst not admit any one. He was prevailed on, however, to venture to announce young Conyers to his master.

It was a long time ere he could sufficiently arouse him from his reverie, in which all his faculties were absorbed, and give him to understand that his youthful favorite was anxious for an interview.

He at first morosely bid the old tar *begone*, but calling him back ere he had reached the door, said in a softer tone,

"tell the good boy to come and breakfast here to morrow."

It being a holyday at Westminster, Sir Arthur left word that he would most willingly accept the invitation, and slowly paced homewards.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning brought him, punctual as the clock, to the lodgings of the unhappy sufferer. Lord John greeted him on his arrival with an eager nod, and a nervous pressure of the hand, as if willing, but unable to make a suitable apology for his apparently rude conduct on the preceeding day. The breakfast ceremony nearly passed in sombre silence.

Sir Arthur beholding Lord O'Carrol rather more tranquil than ordinary, feared to interrupt this auspicious serenity.

When they had finished their repast, the unhappy nobleman arose, took his young visitor affectionately by the hand, and told him he should be glad if he would do him the favour of accompanying him in a ramble, while he paid some bills, adding at the same time—

"I need not tell you, my dear boy, how unfit I am to transact money matters alone, I will, therefore, trouble you to bear me company!"

Sir Arthur consented with a complacent smile, and as they proceeded in their expedition, continued hanging on his arm, and endeavoured by his lively remarks upon (as he called them) the *proper Quizzes* they encountered on their rout, to

raise

raise the ever drooping spirits of his sad companion.

They soon turned into a Jewellers shop, where his Lordship paid a small bill for the setting of a miniature of himself, which he had lately presented to Lady Susan. After settling accounts the man who served him, shewed some elegant seals; Sir Arthur was highly gratified in the contemplation of these beautiful *knic knacks;* his Lordship vacantly observed the drawer, as if unconscious of the objects, moving like airy visions before him, he leaned supinely on the counter of the shop. Sir Arthur asked permission of the master to let him look at some old fashioned seals, meaning to present one of them to Mrs. Williams, who was most remarkably partial to antiquities.

One among the number, particularly struck the attention of the youth; it was

a seal ring of exquisite and delicate workmanship. A white *Cornelian*—one side the engraving was a vessel in a storm, an anchor in the clouds, and in old English characters, the following inscription.

Our Hope is on High.

The reverse, was a light and dark plaited hair. While he yet held it in admiration in his hand, Lord John, as if arousing from his long reverie, demanded whether he was ready to go. Before the youth could return an answer, he looked over his shoulder to behold *what object* employed his contemplation, when with an effort of almost supernatural violence, he suddenly tore the ring from his grasp, and with a voice unlike any thing human loudly vociferated—

" Great God of mercy ! can the grave give up its treasures?"

With

With these words he fell stunned and senseless with a thundering sound upon the floor, still grasping the mysterious ring in his convulsed hand.

Dreadfully allarmed at his situation, although too well acquainted with this mournful effect of his malady; the affectionate Arthur, aided by the master of the shop, raised the nf ortunate nobleman from the ground.

Unwilling to expose his infirmity, the sensible boy, with all that presence of mind, which spite of the general volitility of his character, never deserted him in any of the trying circumstances of human life, ascribed his Lordship's vehemence of motion, to the effects of mere corporeal indisposition.

As he now appeared recovering, a man was requested to order a coach—it was

 impossible

impossible to wrench the trinket from the icey hand that hardly griped it. Sir Arthur, therefore, promising either to return, or purchase it, with the assistance of the young man in the shop, lifted the now greatly recovered Lord O'Carrol to the coach; he ordered it to drive to Grosvenor Square, in preference to his Lordship's lodgings, knowing that he would there be in almost total solitude. After they had proceeded some way, his Lordship still resting his burning head upon the shoulder of his young and anxious friend, said—

"Arthur! Arthur!"

"My dear, dear Lord!

"You must!—yes, my dear boy, you must do me an essential service!"

"Oh, how willingly!" was the prompt reply.

"But

"But to confirm the obligation, noble youth, you must give me your solemn promise not to let any one ever know what I am about to employ you in."

"My Lord, you may command my poor abilities in every way; but pray consider, whether, what you demand will befit my age and situation, *before* you tell me, I cannot think of retracting be it *what it will*."

Lord John with a tear in his eye pressed his hand, and said.—"My boy, I only wish for secrecy, as it will be the means of saving pain to many who love me. What I would wish to employ you in, is merely to return to the Jewellers, and make the strictest inquiries, concerning the way in which he became possessed of this *(to me)* memorable, and mysterious trinket."

Sir Arthur promised a full compliance with this truly harmless requisition, and neither of them spoke another word until they were arrived at the door of the Duke of Montcastle.

Lord John immediately walked into the library, where he found his Grace deeply occupied with his studies. Sir Arthur, unseen by Lord John, conveyed a sign to the Duke, by which that nobleman clearly understood that his brother was in one of his temporary fits of insanity, and took his leave to return to the Jewellers, on his voyage of discovery.

Young Conyers was somewhat curious to know the secret history of an apparent bauble, which had produced such strong and vehement effects upon the heart and countenance of Lord John.

On entering the shop, he earnestly desired

sired to speak with the master in private. He put many questions to him, at the same time giving him, indirectly, to understand, that it was suspected the ring had been *stolen*.

The Jeweller calmly answered, that he had purchased the article in question, of an old diamond merchant, who said he had it from a Jew Pedlar. To this man the master of the shop offered to send directly, as he was in the habit of buying old plate of him, or, that if Sir Arthur pleased, he would give him his address.

The youth gave the preference to the latter mode of proceeding, and being directed to Houndsditch, called a coach and drove off to Moses Shacklefists. The son of Isræl happened to be at home, and replied without the least hesitation to Sir Arthur's interrogatories, that he had purchased the ring of an old woman at Green-

 wich.

wich, whose address he immediately gave up.

Poor Conyers, with all the natural impetuosity of youth—his zeal quickened, rather than abated, by the difficulties he had to encounter, and never thinking of the account he would have to render of his long absence, walked to the nearest stable yard, ordered a post chaise, and drove off for Greenwich. Various were the conjectures which he formed during his ride, which being a solitary one, appeared protracted to more than treble its real length. Frequently did he ask the driver how many centuries would pass ere they should reach the place of destination.

" There's no *sentries*," said the lad, " they be all *sailors* at Greenwich, your honour."

The

The Baronet smiled at this misapplication of his Jehus, and was diverted for a moment, but revolving thought again bound him to the rack of suspence, and he relapsed into fretfulness and impatience.

The lad, in reality, drove in real stile, and as hard as his horses would gallop, for supposing from the youth of his passenger that he was indulging some school-boy frolic, he was in hopes of being more liberally rewarded for his *velocity* than his *caution*.

When he alighted at the spot pointed out by the Jew, he was somewhat surprised at the sight of the young woman whom he had so humanely accommodated with his seat on his journey from Margate; she had her infant in her arms, and seemed quite delighted at the agreeable, though unexpected rencontre.

To his question, whether an old woman of the name of Smith resided in that neighbourhood, she answered that she herself lodged with her, but that she was gone to London to spend the day, and that there was more than a probability of her remaining the night *also*.

Heartily vexed at his fruitless errand, and quite exhausted with his various anxieties, Sir Arthur began to feel that he had not taken the least refreshment since the morning. He told the young woman, therefore, that he would go to an Inn and dine, but would call again before he returned to town, to see whether the old woman was come home. His hostess blushingly stammered out—

" If I might venture to make so bold Sir—I've some nice mutton ham, and some fresh eggs—and I should be so happy if so be as you would honour

our

our poor place with eating a mouthful here."

"Oh! with all my heart, and many thanks into the bargain, and I'll nurse my little friend here, while you prepare."

With these words he took the infant in his own arms, and was quite enchanted with its quietude and beauty. He displayed his watch for the amusement of the child, at the same time sighing at the recollection it brought of little Dick Ferguson, and the melancholy fate of his parents.

A stout good looking youth now entered, whom the young woman introduced as Walter Barry, her husband;—saying at the same time.

"This, my dear, is the young gentleman who was so very good to me when I

came from seeing mother at Deal; he is so good as to nurse baby, while I broil him some of the mutton ham you bought me last week."

The young man bowed, and respectfully made an action of relieving his guest from the charge he had undertaken.

Sir Arthur informed him of the cause, and motives of his journey, and under a promise of secrecy, gave him to understand, that he suspected Mrs. Smith of having stolen an article of value. It was agreed, that the best mode of proceeding in this awkward and delicate affair, would be to leave a note for the old woman, stating, that if she would call at No. 5, Grosvenor Square, she would hear of something to her advantage. Walter Barry promised, in case of her refusal to bring her up himself, under some other pretence.

Sir

Sir Arthur after having eaten a hearty meal, took an opportunity of folding up a guinea in a piece of paper, which he dropped, unperceived by either of the parents, into the cradle of the baby, as he stooped to kiss it. He then jumped into the chaise, and was driven to London on the full gallop.

Upon entering the drawing room of the Duke of Montcastle, he found his Grace and Lord John, (the ladies being now gone out) contemplating a picture which Laura Tempest had lately finished for Lord John.

The subject was, the rescue of herself and brother from the waves. The likeness of Lord John and Doctor Glynne were remarkably striking; old Triton was not omitted, and the Storm was pourtrayed with lively exactitude. Herself and Henry were represented, dressed exactly alike,

alike, in the beautiful blue mantles in which they had been preserved; nor was old Ben's weatherbeaten countenance represented with less accuracy or precision.

Lord John in the pleasing contemplation of this affectionate tribute of Laura's gratitude, appeared to have forgotten the dreadful emotions which had convulsed him in the morning. Sir Arthur delighted at seeing him so composed, and finding it much later than he expected, made his bow and retired, leaving word with the Duke's footman as he went out, that if an old woman of the name of Smith called and asked after him, she was to be admitted, and a messenger sent directly to Westminster, that he might have the earliest intelligence of her arrival in Grosvenor Square.

It is now time that we should return to

poor

poor Lady Susan, who had bitterly paid the forfeit of her errors; great as they were, every concurring circumstance now taught her to regret the follies into which her fatal connection with Mrs. Harcourt had betrayed her. In the anguish of her heart, she would have given worlds, could she have recalled the direful hour, she had first abandoned her happiness and her character to the frantic and transitory raptures of a gaming table.

Her letters from Stevens were filled with vulgar arrogance, unmanly threats, and purse proud tyranny. She could not take a walk without fearing to encounter him, and like the horrours of a murderers conscience, he haunted her in the blaze of day, and in the stillness of the night; she heard his voice in the rushing wind, and in the rustling of the leaf.

Letters from Charles Woodville, stating

ing his intention of soon seeing her, and arranging every thing for their future happiness, urged her sensibility to madness. Religion alone operated in restraining her from acts of the most consummate desperation. I will not complete the picture of her horrours by a full delineation of her agonies. The sketch I have traced may act as a warning to the unthinking votary of gaming, and a *warning* is all the present pages are intended to convey.

In this distracted state of mind she was hurried by Mrs. Scudamore, from public amusement, to public amusement; and to the Concert, the Ball, the Opera, and the Theatres, she carried a mind incessantly stung by the scorpions of remorse;—a heart on which the *worm that never dies*, preying with unabated voracity.

She

She would much rather have indulged her griefs in silent melancholy, but this was a luxury denied her by her active aunt. Though Mrs. Scudamore thought it would please the grave temper of Doctor Glynne, if she affected, in *propria persona*, to despise the light and trivial diversions of a frivolous metropolis, she really loved them in her heart, more than any girl of sixteen, sent from a country village to gaze and gape on all the *raree shows* of London.

Now the approaching marriage of Lady Susan, gave this prudent old damsel, a charming opportunity of making her younger relative a sort of *stalking* horse for her own pleasures and amusements. She could not bear modern trash of plays, she thought the Opera so fallen away that it was waste of time—the music of the Concerts were execrable; (she would insinuate,) but Susan *ought* to see them

before

before marriage, as afterwards a *prudent* woman could never think of wasting time in such *nonsensical* and *silly* avocations.

Lady Susan had too much natural good sense not to penetrate the thin disguise of such an artifice as this, but had she thrown the slightest impediment in the way of her aunts schemes of pleasure, she would have irritiated her to the height of ill humour, and the poor girl was now too much in the power of *others* to pretend to a will of her own, and was, therefore, compelled to be dragged about like a victim to the sacrifice: her dress gay, but her heart sad; Diamonds sparkling round her head, and Tears shining in her eyes.

One luckless night they had secured a box for a new comedy, which at that time was all the rage, and had filled every cranny

cranny of the Theatre, for twenty successive evenings. Just after the music had played, one of the performers came on the stage, with a face as long as a disappointed relative at the reading of a will, and informed the audience that owing to the indisposition of a favorite comedian, the piece announced for the evening, was unavoidably changed to the Tragedy of the Gamester, in which a celebrated actress would perform the principal Female Character.

The name of the lady who was to represent the character of Mrs. Beverly, tended in a great measure to quell the rising storm of disapprobation, and the amusements of the evening were suffered to proceed.

Lady Susan had never either seen or read the Tragedy in question. Her attention by degrees, however, was rivited

to

to the scene. The subject was, to her, the most interesting immagination could embrace. The soft amiable pious conduct of the wife, of the ruined Gamester, melted her heart with penitence and grief. The furious agonies of the ruined husband, were like what she had frequently experienced in similar situations, that very word was a poignard to her heart, and rolled with all the horrours of an awful and terrific prophecy on her astounded ears.

She sat gasping and trembling—every fibre shook—she would have given worlds to have taken her eye from the stage, yet it seemed by some superior agency rivited to the very spot from which she was so desirous to avert it.

When the Gamester, reduced to his prison, swallows the fatal poison, she could bear no more:—she turned her head

head to the opposite boxes, and there beheld her original persecutor, Cosmo Bouverie, seated by the side of the perfidious Mrs. Harcourt. Her agonies were encreased. She told her aunt she was suddenly seized with a giddiness, and the gentlemen who were with them immediately led them from the boxes to the lobby, where one of the party was instantly dispatched in quest of a coach.

They were hurrying to it with all speed, when who should bolt up before them, but Mr. Stevens with his son Samuel.

"Ah! ah! my Tartar!" cried the old brute, "I've got'n you at last:—Sammy boy, why don't you salute the lady!"

"Man!" cried Mrs. Scudamore drawing up.

"Man! what do you mean by that madam starch back?—as good a man as you are a woman, for all that gown of yours; I dare be sworn it's fifty years old at least, and bought of a slop seller at Rag Fair."

"If you are impertinent," answered a young officer, I shall chastise you."

"I should like to see it—I a'nt afeard of a red coat—I a'nt such a goose as that, mister gander."

"Your card?—that is my address."

"Well—and there I lives, if you go to that: Sam Stevens may be found at home any day in the year, and if you have any thing to say to him, he can answer you I warrant you."

Stevens had not the most distant notion of the laws of honour, and could not of consequence entertain any suspicion of his having involved himself in a duel.

Lady Susan hurried away to the coach, but her persecutor lugging and hauling his unlicked cub after him, followed her to the carriage shouting out—

" Well, well—since you won't behave in a genteel manner to our Sam, I shall call on the Duke to-morrow, and let him into my mind at once. Mrs. Stevens is fit company for either yourself or that there old cat, for all she cocks her back up, and spits and sputters in such a high stile; I dare say the womans as poor as Lazarus, and lives by picking up the crumbs that falls from the Dukes table, I warrants."

 He

He was now quite choaked with passion, and aunt Anne kicking and screaming in strong hysterics. The officer desired the coachman to drive away. The undaunted Stevens clapped his hand on the window, and was continuing his inundating torrent of vulgar abuse, when the young Captain loosing all patience, took up a Bamboo cane, and applied it to his knuckles with all the violence he could muster.

This stroke took such effect, that Mr. Stevens quitted his hold, and began capering and roaring in such an extraordinary stile, that he soon collected a mob round him, who became highly entertained at his vaulting, and vocal abilities.

Sam, who had contemplated all that had taken place, with about as much expression as is generally to be found on

the

the countenance of a barbers wooden wig block, now felt his apathy so discomposed that he walked up to his father, with a countenance as long as his arm, and told him he wondered at his want of patience.

Smarting under pain, and provoked by the perfect coldness of his son, he gave him a violent smack in the face, and to the high diversion of the shouting mob, both father and son now began to dance, leap, jump, and hollow, as if they were exerting their powers for some material wager. A friend of Stevens's passing by at the moment, dragged father and son forcibly away from the ludicrous but disgraceful scene.

When they arrived at home, poor Mrs. Stevens reaped the full advantage of all her husband's ill humours. For though other people had a right to *resent* his

brutal conduct, he knew that he might attack *her* without any apprehension of opposition. From this generous motive he hoarded all his spleen, and vented it on his helpmate with the most unbounded fury. It was in fact the domestic picture of Socrates and Xantippe *reversed*.

Fate now seemed to have exhausted its last malice on poor Susan, and the quiver of misfortune appeared to be empty of its arrows; but when calamity has once entangled the suffering children of mortality, the lengthening chain gains added strength with every passing hour. While racked and torn with hopeless woes; agitated, pressed and threatened with accumulating miseries, the *last affliction* fell at once upon her.

A letter arrived from Woodville, stating, that on Lady Sigismonda and his

brother

brother Daltons account, they were all going down to Lord Deloraine's seat in the country, whether it was earnestly requested that the Duke of Montcastle and his family would, likewise, have the goodness to repair; Woodville entertaining warm hopes that his own future prospects in life might be decided at the same time with that of his elder brothers; his letter thus concluded:—

"In the contemplation of my *own*
" *approaching* happiness, I feel my feli-
" city somewhat clouded by the too
" evident chagrin which shadows the
" once lively brow of Dalton: this
" change of looks and spirits, both affect
" and alarm me: how painful is my si-
" tuation with him. I think so highly of

" the accomplished Laura Tempest, that
" reason, sense, and brotherly affection,
" all prevent my urging any *opposition* to
" his choice; but duty, gratitude, and
" filial obligation, impede my giving him
" any distant hope in the prosecution of
" those projects, in which his future
" happiness of mind and health of body,
" appear to me, to be inseparably con-
" nected. How this aukward business
" will terminate, I must confess I am at
" a loss to conceive; my father seems
" resolute for the match with Lady
" Sigismonda, my brother on the other
" hand, though respectful in his expres-
" sions, appears to be firm in his opinions,
" and though he will not marry Laura in
" decided opposition to his parents, I do
" not imagine that any motive will be
" found strong enough to avail in per-
" suading him to give his hand to
" another.

" How

" How often, my dear Susan, do I fe-
" licitate myself in the choice *I* have
" been fortunate enough to make: how
" infinitely beyond my *deserts* is the des-
" tiny to which indulgent providence has
" doomed me! birth and rank have
" smoothed all the rough impediments
" attached to the higher situations of
" life, but how insignificant do such ad-
" ventitious advantages appear, when
" weighed in a scale with the more solid
" advantages of my adored Susan; a
" spotless mind! a heart without a *fault;*
" you have the graces which adorn the
" most elevated females, without the
" fashionable stains which tarnish or cor-
" rode the polished splendour of their
" characters. You are too candid to be
" pleased with slander—too high minded
" to be fascinated with the allurements
" of a gaming table, and prize the con-
" soling voice of self-esteem, too highly

 " ever

" ever to put it in *anothers* power to dis-
" turb the unclouded tranquility of a
" bosom quiet as the dreams of angels!
" alas, how many of equal rank, have
" forfeited these inestimable blessings,
" by a conduct exactly the reverse of
" yours. How many have put them-
" selves in the power of vulgar wretches,
" who, from a rooted antipathy to more
" exalted situations in society, think their
" own importance increased by a list of
" noble creditors, and solace themselves
" for theit *native nothingness*, by dunning
" the votaries of fashion, in the most
" splendid temples, now so liberally and
" magnificently dedicated to the all pre-
" vailing goddess of folly.

" These are circumstances of a nature so
" truly humiliating, that, like Fabled Ro-
" mances, and Fairy Tales, they can only
" be known to my dear Susan from hav-

" ing

" ing *read*, or *heard* of them. Oh! come
" my love!—come to the Earl of Delo-
" raines, with your father. Fortune will
" be propitious to our vows: the time
" destined for the probation of your
" Woodville will be shortened. How
" ernestly do I sigh for the moment,
" when all the former errors of the pas-
" sionate lover shall be lost in the en-
" dearing attentions of the affectionate
" husband. Adieu! my life! my love!
" my all!—think of me often—and ever
" kindly; unworthy of you as I am, the
" heart of man never beat with more
" pure esteem, more genuine admiration
" than that of of your

" Highly Honoured,

" and most affectionate,

" C. D. WOODVILLE."

Lord Deloraine by that days post, transmitted an epistle, in which he most earnestly conjured the Duke to come to him immediately, and bring his whole family at the same time. The Earl stated that he felt his health so visibly impared, that he resolved upon a voyage to Lisbon the ensuing spring. He therefore urged the propriety of having matters of such real and family importance, finally arranged previous to his departure, on so long an expedition. To convince the Duke of his real respect, and high regard for the young orphans; he also begged for the favour of their presence, with his Grace's brother, Lord John.

After many debates, in which the matter was argued with no small vehemence on both sides, it was determined that the important request of Deloraine ought to be complied with. Doctor Glynne seconded

conded the oratorical powers of Mrs. Anne Scudamore, who charmed at having *him* upon her side, was more eloquent than usual; and when she understood that the Doctor was to be of the party, she could hardly confine the soft tumult that agitated her bosom. She had imagined that the worthy Doctor had neglected her of late, this circumstance she had, however, attributed rather to the hurry and bustle of a London life, than to any falling off of her own charms, either of mind or person. She felt a pleasing assurance that when they quitted the busy metropolis, the softer feelings would have a wider scope for action. Love, she observed was a tenant of the groves; and in the woodland shade she hoped once more to exert her fascinating attractions, and totally subdued the heart of the unwary Doctor.

But in a proportionable degree to the pleasure of Mrs. Anne, was the bitter regret of her unfortunate niece. She dreeded the leaving London in her present state of debts and difficulties. The affront Stevens had lately received,, would, she well knew irritate his sordid, savage disposition to the length of any species of revenge. She was more terrified also by the account she heard of the young officer, a fellow soldier of Lord Dalton's, who had been with them at the play.

In consequence of the exchange of cards, he had sent a young Lieutenant to wait on Mr. Stevens. This worthy wight unacquainted with any of the rules of honour, had received his visitant in a most aukward, clumsy manner; the Lieutenant informed him, that he waited on him as the friend of Captain Godfrey.

"May

" May be so," cried Stevens, " and what does he want with me?"

" He requests the honour of your company at Eleven o'Clock to-morrow at Chalk Farm."

" I don't desire to have no such acquaintance: if he had behaved as one gentleman ought to another, I shoud'nt have minded giving him a treat at Chalk Farm at all—if he thinks I can't *afford* it, he has *got the wrong sow by the lug!* I can tell him that. I will put guinea for guinea with any a he in the whole Regiment."

" Guinea for guinea, Mr. Stevens is out of the question."

" Well—what then?"

" Bullet

" Bullet for bullet, is a little more to the purpose."

The eyes of Stevens here expanded to an enormous size:—he stared, and gaped in the most ludicrous manner, and it was several moments before he could contrive to stammer out—

" Why—wha—what do you *mean!*"

" My meaning, Mr. Stevens is pretty plain; you have exchanged cards with a gentleman—"

" Well, Sir."

" Well, Sir!—then I suppose you intend to fight him?"

" You *suppose* so!"

" Certainly."

" Then

"Then you are damnably mistaken—fight him!—a good joke truly!—he almost breaks my knuckles with his cursed ratan—gets me oustled by a mob, and then wants me to fight him!"

The young Lieutenant here expressing the highest contemp for the old gentleman, but informed him, that he conceived the *sword* of a man of honour would be disgraced in a contest with such a *personage*—and at the same time gave him to understand that his friend carried the same *cane* he had formerly felt, and he would be sure to obtain a very liberal share of it, if he dared to utter one syllable derogatory to the high rank and exalted character of Lady Susan.

"Exalted fiddlestick! may'nt I have my own? am I to be *choused?*"

Seeing

Seeing the Lieutenant here raise his hand, he made but one spring to the window, lifted up the sash, and with the active bound of a Harlequin, sprang into a little garden belonging to a neighbour, bawling out—*murder! murder! murder!* all the time he ran along, till his lungs grew quite hoarse and exhausted by the exertion.

The next day the officer who had sent the challenge, was summoned to a public office, where he found that Mr. Stevens had sworn the peace against him. The justice laughed very heartily at the occurrence, but was compelled to proceed with his duty.

After an outrage of this nature, Lady Susan hourly expected some fatal consequence from the exasperated citizen. In the wild agonies of her remorse, she now

resolved

resolved to ruu all hazards, and throw herself upon the bounty and commiseration of Lord John. Should this last hope fail her, she determined to cast herself at the feet of her father—own her transgressions, and even at the dear price of loosing her Woodville *for ever*, free herself from the spells the dæmon of the gaming table had wound arround her—from the unfeeling tyranny the illiberal Steveus seemed determined to exercise over her.

She sent immediately for a coach; as she drove to Lord John, she fortified her mind, and at length acquired that desperate kind of courage, which has been sometimes known to enable a *coward* to perform the actions of an *hero*. Hearing that his Lordship was at home she requested to be admitted to him. It chanced to be one of his tranquil interviews. He

He received her with a gracious smile. Some heartshorn and a bottle of water chanced to be upon the table; she swallowed a large goblet filled with this mixture, then in a faultering tone, related in a few broken sentences the name of her creditor,—her involvements and the apprehensions with which she was oppressed; when she had finished her narrative, she looked earnestly at him:—he appeared gloomy, stern, and angry—she threw herself on her knees before him——

" Home! Home!" he cried and rushed out of the room.

Lady Susan thus reft of the only ray of light which had beamed upon her darkening hopes, fainted on a sofa, in the room.

It was several hours before she was sufficiently

sufficiently recovered to return to her fathers house. She asked if either the Duke or Mrs. Scudamore were in the house. The answer was in the negative; but they informed her Sir Arthur Conyers was in the drawing room, and had been anxiously waiting her arrival. When he flew towards her, he eagerly exclaimed—

" Joy! joy! my dear Susan."

" Joy!" repeated the sorrowing Susan in a mournful tone.

" Aye, joy! *ma belle cousine;* your troubles are all over; Charles is a happy rogue; I am another happy rogue; aye, and *you* are a happy rogue too!"

The young Barronet then related, that Lord John's odd manner of hearing her story proceeded from the agitation of his mind

mind, on an affair in which all the future felicity of his life appeared to be concerned. The moment he quitted her, however, his conscience smote him: he hired a coach; drove furiously to Sir Arthur at Westminster. He arrived crying and sobbing like an infant; when interrogated by his young friend concerning the cause of his present afflicting despondency, he replied that he had behaved to poor Lady Susan like a dæmon—that he was resolved not to lose a moment, however, in making her all the reparation in his power, and on his knees conjured Conyers to plead in his behalf for pity and forgiveness..

He then desired Arthur to couduct him to the house of Stevens. " Every thing was soon arranged," added the lively boy, " uncle John was happy to pay the money; daddy Stevens was more happy

happy to receive it; and I was the most happy of all.—Here! here! is a receipt in full for all demands against you,—so away with tears!—cloudy weather is over—spring is come—hey for smiles and marriage—welcome Hymen—and *Vive la Bagatelle!!*"

The agitated spirits of Lady Susan, as may be well conceived, stood in much need of being recruited after the conflict of the contending passions which had racked her mind. She kissed her good humoured cousin and retired to her chamber. Here, after a violent gush of tears, her nerves grew more tranquil, and she breathed a prayer of thanks for her deliverance from the perils with which she had been surrounded.

When left to the exertion of the rational faculties of her soul, she resolved,

with

with the greatest sincerity, on a life of future penitence and amendment. She read the last letter of Woodville and many were the tears she shed upon it.

"And shall I then—" said she to herself, "shall I impose on his credulous and generous heart? instead of what he nobly imagines an all perfect being, a creature stained with weakness, faults, and follies. Does the mere payment of a little dross wipe my sullied character from the foul stain that dimmed its lustre?—does the generosity of Lord John diminish the folly of my former life?—the thought would be irrational as illiberal! and should I become the wife of Woodville, without his knowing me to be the all transcendent creature he now so liberally esteems me, I should be an imposture to myself, to Heaven and him!—no! dearest Charles! a sacrifice is yet to be made—

made—a sacrifice that must for ever degrade *me;* but it is more fit that the guilty should be humbled, than the innocent should be deceived and disgraced—my own happiness will be lost by the performance of my duty, but to thy honour beloved Woodville, most freely I *resign* it."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the general invitation to Deloraine's house reached Lord John, he was sitting in earnest conversation with Henry Tempest. The memory of the slight which had been put upon both his favorite and the amiable Laura, operated so powerfully on his mind, that he hastily *decided* against complying with the wishes of his family. Henry observing this, and fully penetrating the motive of his Lordship's denial, earnestly entreated

treated him to alter his determination, which would, he added be ever remembered by him as a *personal obligation*.

By putting the matter in this point of view, Henry was almost certain of carrying the day against his benefactor: it was the chord that made most harmony to his Lordship's heart. He thus smilingly replied.

" To oblige *you* my dear Henry, is the only earthly consolation left your heart broken friend; yes, my young benefactor, I will consent to pleasure *you*, to visit the man who has offended the most tender part of me. His conduct to you and to your sister, I really find it hard to get over, but if you will shew me that you have *yourself* really forgiven it, I shall in that instance, as in all others be happy to follow your example."

" What am I to do, my dear Lord!"

 " You

" You and dear Laura are included in the general invitation, if you go, *I* go—if not I am fixed as the anchor, not to move to Deloraine's."

This avowal of his Lordships determination, placed poor Henry in a predicament truly delicate. His duty as a christian, for he rigidly *practised* all he *preached*, forbad him from harbouring any violent resentment against the Earl, yet had he that sort of sentiment, which all susceptible hearts are liable to—a conscious glow of self esteem, which made him unwilling to be a partaker of the bounties of that man who was capable of entertaining an unworthy idea of him, and of a sister dearer to him than the life blood in his veins.

He recollected, however, that the happiness of Lady Susan might in some measure depend upon the presence of Lord John

John. He loved Susan (next to his own sister) before any of the circle of his acquaintance; to Laura she had ever been liberal, just, and noble minded; could he then with justice throw any impediment in the way of her felicity? ah, no! of such cold, selfish, callous conduct, the noble minded Henry was incapable. He agreed, therefore, on his *own* part, to accompany the Lord O'Carrol, but submitted to his judgement, whether it would be delicate or proper for Laura to be a resident in the same house with Dalton—with the man whose hand she had rejected, and who was now on the point of being united to another woman.

This state of the case was so self-evident, that the affectionate nobleman instantaneouly assented to the prudence as well as the propriety of the proposed arrangement, and it was thus finally settled, that all parties concerned, with the exception

ception of Miss Tempest, should meet the next week at his Lordship's family mansion in the country.

As Sir Arthur's holydays fell at this precise period, he felicitated himself on his good luck, in being thus likely to be a witness of the approaching happiness of Woodville and Lady Susan, both of whom he loved with an eagerness of affection truly fraternal.

I have now to comfort the fainting patience of my reader, with the cheering hope of a termination to this strange eventful history; I hope, therefore, that the good nature which has accompanied me thus far, and travelled through three volumes and a half, will not desert me in the last portion of my journey.

Have the goodness then to imagine, courteous reader, that the Duke, Lord

John, Doctor Glynne, and the ladies of the Montcastle family, with Henry Tempest, are now safely arrived at the country seat of Lord Deloraine, where they were all cordially welcomed by the Earl, who, as usual, stood at his gate ready to receive them as they alighted from their respective carriages.

Lord Dalton, with his brother Charles, was also present. The melancholy traces of despondency were still visible on the features of the former, whilst the most animated rapture, the most lively satisfaction, beamed upon the countenance of the latter.

One of the first inquiries made, was after Sir Arthur:—Henry made his apologies, stating, that he would most certainly be down in the course of a FEW DAYS; but that business relating to Lord John, of a very serious nature, imperiously

demanded his residence in town for a short period. This excuse being admitted, the day glided over without the occurrence of any circumstances peculiarly deserving of our notice.

It is needless to state that a general reserve impeded the festivity of the scene. The Earl was angry with Dalton, and felt rather aukward in the presence of Lord John and Henry, who in their turns could not totally divest themselves of some unpleasant perceptions.

The Ladies Susan, and Harriot too, were particularly low spirited. The next evening the affair of Lady Susan was brought upon the tapis, as the united families were assembled together in the drawing room. During the conversation, the countenance of the agitated female was impressed with an emotion of solemn sadness, and of evident dejection: the

Countess

Countess observed this, and attributing her grief to the cause of indisposition, did every thing that lay in her power to comfort the mourner.

The Earl of Delorine addressed her loudly in an affectionate manner; he told her he was convinced that she must have been surprised and hurt at certain peculiarities in his conduct towards her, but that he flattered himself she would do him the justice to suppose, that if he had been deceived he had some motives for his error. He begged leave to call the attention of all present to the miseries which the fatal propensity of high play had brought on many persons, dear to him from earliest life, and connected with him by the strongest bonds affection; he then informed Lady Susan, that an anonymous letter, which he put into her hands, had been transmitted to him some time ago, in which he was given to understand

that she had not only lost great sums at the gaming table, but had also involved herself with a notorious money lender, for a large amount.

" Slanders on my life!" exclaimed the indignant Woodvill, vivid sparks of indignation, at the same moment, flashing like the lightening from his angry eyes.

" I *truly* think so Charles," coolly reply'd his father, "I was startled at the first by the intelligence, but when I reflect on the high birth of Lady Susan O'Carrol, her general accomplishments, and the distinguished rank which she has a right to hold in society, I feel convinced that she would never forfeit so many illustrious privileges—so many solid advantages to the indulgence of a propensity at once so mean and so degrading. I have therefore to solicite pardon in this public manner for the *injustice* I have done her,

and

and as the surest proof of the sincerity of my repentance, to request that she will next month, honour my son Charles with a hand, for which he will ever be entirely *grateful*, though he cannot entertain a hope of wholly *meriting*."

Woodville here sunk on his knee and seized the hand of Lady Susan, who was by this time surrounded by the congratulating families, who strove to excel each other in the eagerness of their expressions the felicity they enjoyed at the present moment.

If human imagination can picture a scene of more exquisit distress, let it pause on the present situation of Lady Susan. I will not attempt to describe it. To those who can conceive this painful conflict of a noble mind, conscious of having fallen from its exalted state, words are unnecessary; to those whose sensibilities

are too dull for such an interesting picture, words would be feeble and superfluous.

She shuddered—changed colour—looked at the letter—recognised the hand writing of the treacherous Mrs. Harcourt, and sunk upon a chair.

Woodville clasped his hands in an agony.—" Susan! beloved Susan!—what can this mean?—speak to me—comfort me—say you will be mine; and—— "

" *Never*, Charles!"

" NEVER!—Oh! God of Heaven!"

" Hear me Charles?—lost, as I have long been to the world, to my family, and myself, there is yet one step to shame I have not taken:—sad, and solitary will be the consolation, this one poor recollection

will

will afford me, but it is my *all*, and worlds shall not deprive me of it."

The Duke of Montcastle with a countenance pale as ashes, now approached his child; she threw herself on both her knees before him, and thus earnestly proceeded.

"I dare not *yet*, my father, ask, or hope for your forgiveness; but when years of penitence have rolled away—when tears of anguish shall have washed out the stains of a long life of folly, then, may I hope that you my Lord, and Heaven may pardon me. The contents of that fatal letter are too true. I am involved: I have disgraced myself. I have meanly suffered the generous Sir Arthur Conyers to withold from the orphan and the widow, his little mite, that he might feed my vices and extravagancies: Oh! spare me!—let me hurry over the confession of

my

my faults—the avowal of my penitence—the promise of my repentance. I see you all stand shrinking and amazed. I have poisoned the golden phial the angel of peace from infancy extended towards me. I have planted thorns in the bosom of all who loved me. I have placed a dagger in my own:—Yet lost as I have been to goodness, I was not so degenerately base as to think of imposing upon Woodville's kind credulity. The moment after Lord John kindly satisfied the loud clamour of my most implacable of creditors, I formed the resolution of making this painful—this agonising exertion.—The effort is dreadful; but it is necessary. Charles, adieu!—I renounce all hope—may you be happy, while I absorbed in silence, penitence, and tears, reflect upon your goodness—pray for your repose:—and should some more faultless, more deserving female———"

Her

Her voice here died away. She fainted in the arms of Lady Harriot, and Mr. Tempest, who bore her away to her chamber, leaving Woodville sobbing like a child, and the Duke of Montcastle, the Earl, and the whole party equally astounded, surprised, and affected, at the singular scene which had just taken place.

This dumb amazement continued for some moments, until the aweful pause of silence, was suddenly broken by a loud laugh from Lord John.

All eyes were directed towards him; he saw the attention he had excited, and looking extremely ill and feverish; Doctor Glynne, who knew every minute symptom of his malady, led him to his own apartment, without uttering a word to any one.

On this mournful group I must now drop the curtain, again avowing my inability to paint that, which Shakespear has finely termed—

"The grief which cannot *speak*."

CHAPTER VI.

EVERY one present at the confession of Lady Susan, had been so deeply affected, that they felt pity predominant in their bosoms, and Woodville entertained hopes, that her pardon would be instantly pronounced. In these expectations, however, his ardent nature had deceived him. The Earl of Deloraine said nothing to flatter these delusions, and the Duke

Duke of Montcastle was so shocked, that he declined seeing his daughter for some days.

Mr. and Mrs. Saville, who now resided in the neighbourhood, as the reader may perhaps remember, calling on the Countess, a thought immediately struck her, which she imagined would be to the wishes of all parties; their life was recluse; they seldom saw visitors; and their cottage was pleasant and retired. Lady Susan and Mrs. Saville having formerly been in habits of intimacy and friendship, it struck the good natured Countess, that it would be agreeable to Lady O'Carrol, to reside with her, till her own mind exhausted by melancholy, had recovered its tone; and until her family should have come to a full determination concerning her future prospects in life.

This disposition was highly approved

by

by all parties, and Lady Susan agreed to return with Mr. and Mrs. Saville.

Woodville was too much affected to be present when she took her leave. Her father was reserved; and Mrs. Anne was about to give her a very severe lecture upon the disgrace she had brought upon her family, when on observing the Countenance of Doctor Glynne, she saw that he was deeply affected, and penetrated to the heart, at the sight of the abashed and afflicted penitent who stood before him.

Ever willing to appear amiable in the eyes of the Doctor, Mrs. Scudamore therefore, wiped her handkerchief across her face, that she might *appear* to cry,—and kissing her niece, assured her she might depend on her affection and good offices.

Lady Susan departed with her new hosts.—She and Mrs. Saville had both

erred

erred—had both repented. In such a communion much good is ever to be expected: Mrs. Saville could comfort her with *hope* and with *example*, the two greatest balms for human error and calamity. Having formerly strayed *herself*, the new protectress of Lady Susan O'Carrol knew how to administer the cordial of consolation, with that delicacy and diffidence the wanderer too oft' requires; for there are some, who conscious of their own infallibility, render the draught of benevolence nauseous, by the rough manner in which it is administered, and only pierce the wounded heart with added anguish, instead of healing or amending it—thus says Cowper:—

"And such I exclaim'd is the pitiless part!
"Some act by the delicate mind,
"Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
"*Already* to sorrow resign'd.

The

The sad recital of Lady Susan had violently affected the irritable nerves of Lord John O'Carrol; he had been touched to the very soul at the pathetic enumeration of the woes she had endured in consequence of her follies; her *self* accusation likewise, and the sacrifice she had so heroically made at the very moment when pleasure, happiness, love, and fortune extended all their arms to clasp and embrace her; appeared to him a flight of heroic generosity, a sublime effort of self-denial, exceeding every thing he had either read or heard of. In this high opinion of the young lady's conduct, he was absolutely confirmed by the sentiments of his friend Henry, who declared with tears of feeling in his eyes, that he could not find a paralell in all the boasted records of Greek or Roman story.

Woodville was so deeply affected at the incidents which had taken place, that the

the agitations of his mind brought on a slow fever which rendered him incapable of quitting his chamber for a considerable length of time.

The attentions of Doctor Glynne, were unremitted. Lord John was so deeply touched with his chearful services—his unwearied assiduities, that he made him a present, which was to him, more valuable than all the wealth of his estates:—the ring which had occasioned him so much anxiety and perturbation. He entreated the Doctor to wear it as a memorial of an unhappy man, when *he* should at length enjoy tranquility in the deep slumber of the grave. The worthy man accepted the present with a chearful smile, and assured his Lordship that while life lasted he would always wear the valuable token.

The general gloom was somewhat lightened

lightened, though it could not be entirely dissipated by the appearance of Sir Arthur Conyers, who now arrived in a chaise and four. The youth was deeply affected at the account given him of poor Lady Susan, whose cause he pleaded, and whose faults he extenuated, with all that energetic eloquence which a pure heart, and noble mind are alone capable of inspiring. He sat by the bed side of Woodville for several hours on his first arrival; and the cordial of friendship he applied to the wounded mind of his friend, seemed to have an effect more soothing than any which could have been produced by the whole arcana of the *Materia Medica*.

When he quitted this pious act of humanity, he hastened to fulfill another office of benevolence. He sought out Lord John, and informed him of the progress of his inquiries, concerning the mysterious ring. Walter Barry had brought

brought the old woman with him: when the servant immediately ran for Sir Arthur at Westminster.

"I returned immediately," added Conyers, "when judge of my surprise at beholding the *identical* woman I got acquainted with in the affair of my poor little Dick Ferguson. Our astonishment was mutual. When I questioned her concerning the ring, I could get no other answer from her, but that she had *found* it. It happened that the picture which Laura Tempest drew for your Lordship was in the room. I saw the eyes of Mrs. Davies rest upon it—she turned pale—cried'—'Lord have mercy on me, sinner that I am!"—"and immediately *fainted.* When she came to herself, Walter Barry joined me in advising and *conjuring* her, if she had any thing that lay heavy on her mind, to discharge herself immediately of the burthen, and that no *ill con-*

sequences

sequences should ever happen to her from the confession. I taxed her hard concerning the ring, but I still could get no *other* answer, but that she *had found* it. Perceiving gentle measures would have no avail with her, and fearing she should again elude our vigilance, I applied to Walter Barry, who has promised to observe her closely, and in case of her making any attempt to escape, he is to apply to a Public Office, and have her immediately taken into custody, on strong suspicion of having *stolen* the ring. Knowing herself thus vigilantly observed, it is not likely that she will make any effort of the kind, as she must feel conscious that her only hope of escape from punishment consists in remaining *quiet*."

At this recital Lord John was excessively agitated, he often wrung his hands, turned his eye balls in an agony towards

Heaven, and groaned forth:—" Explain this mystery! great author of my being! and then let thy servant depart in peace!"

He felt himself so much shocked by the narration of Conyers, that he requested that young man to go in search of Doctor Glynne; swift as feathered Mercury the youthful Baronet flew to execute his mandate. He found, however, upon inquiry, that the worthy Doctor had been sent for, in a violent hurry, by poor Mrs. Villars, who had been suddenly seized with a stroke of an appoplexy.

Sir Arthur desired that he might be informed when the Doctor returned. He then went a round through the whole family, and low spirited as they all were, there was not one heavy heart, which he did not contrive in some degree to *lighten*, though

though it was beyond his ability *entirely* to relieve.

A servant now came to say that Doctor Glynne was returned—Sir Arthur hastened to him—he found him somewhat agitated—he demanded the cause. Glynne told him, that young as he was, he knew no one, on whose secrecy, prudence and honour, he could rely more firmly; and with these impressions in his favour he was now about to unburthen his whole heart, and communicate to him some suspicions of a very extraordinary nature.

Sir Arthur bowed his head in token of gratitude and acknowledgement, and the following is a *brief statement* of—

THE

ACCOUNT

GIVEN

By DOCTOR GLYNNE.

"WHEN I arrived at the Cottage of Mrs. " Villars, I found her extremely alarmed " at the violence and suddenness of her " indisposition; of course my first efforts " were directed towards the tranquillis- " ing her mind, and calming her agitated " spirits. In this endeavour I was fortun- " ate enough to succeed beyond my most

" sanguine

" sangine expectations. I recovered her " by degrees, and we began to enter into " conversation. As I was extending my " hand towards her, to feel her pulse, I " saw her countenance convulsed in the " most alarming manner, every fibre of her " face was in motion, and each muscle " terribly expanded to more than twice " its natural proportion."——' The ring! the ring!—Oh! Heavenly powers!—the ring!'——" She shrieked in a voice which " made my blood run cold—then dropp- " ing on her knee, she seized my hand, " and with eyes starting from their soc- " kets gazed on the present given me so " lately by Lord O'Carrol, and solemnly " continued."——' As you hope for mercy hereafter, at the great judgement seat of Heaven—explain to me how that ring came into your possession? it raises images that at once delight and terrify my brain to frenzy—my children!—my

babes!—Oh! Eternal God!'——" I rais-
" ed—I consoled her. A number of
" ideas, for which I can by no means ac-
" count, took possession of my mind. I
" felt an eager—a burning curiosity to
" learn her story; I was persuaded that
" the happiness of some most dear to my
" heart were connected with the mystery
" of the ring I still carried on my hand.
" It was a considerable time before the
" agitated, and nervous Mrs. Villars could
" be brought to a temparament of mind
" at all suited to my present purpose: at
" length, however, she was enabled to
" listen to reason; and after many cogent
" arguments, consented to inform me of
" the story of her life. Listen to it atten-
" tively, my dear Arthur, and when you
" have heard it, let us compare our seve-
" ral judgements and see if they accord
" with each other."

CHAPTER VII.

CONTAINING THE SUBSTANCE OF THE HISTORY OF MRS. VILLARS,

Narrated by her to DOCTOR GLYNNE, *and by him delivered to* SIR ARTHUR CONYERS.

MY worthy landlord, that beneficent nobleman, hearing that a childless widow was to be his tenant; with a philanthropy peculiarly characteristical of the British nobility, acceded to all my desires, rela-

tive to the improvement of my house, the enlargement of my garden, and every other particular which could tend in the slightest degree to the augmentation of my comforts and conveniencies. With the most disinterested liberality, he positively refused to raise his rents on that account, declaring that the satisfaction of contributing to the ease and happiness of a female and a stranger, would more than compensate for the trifling sum he had expended in the performance of the rights of hospitality.

Oh! while this happy country boasts noblemen of such exalted principles, never may the misguided multitude be led astray by mock philosophers—by sordid, selfish patriots!—while they find fathers and protectors in their superiors, may they never wantonly abandon their defenders!

To

To return to Lord Deloraine:—although possessed of an income, adequate to all my wishes, and exalted in the article of *pecuniary* advantage, far above many others of the daughters of affliction I do not feel myself one atom the less indebted to his bounty: I contemplate, alone the genuine virtues of his pure and unsophisticated heart; and in my prayers to the author of all mercies—the fountain of all human charities, I breath the name of Deloraine with unremitting fervour!—thus sensibly affected and impressed, to you sir, will I unburthen the sorrows of my bosom.

"My mother was an English woman, daughter of a Colonel in the service of his Britannic Majesty; ill health—the consequence of the wounds and hardships incidental to his dangerous profession, brought him to Lisbon, with his only

only child—my mother. It was her fortune to attract the love of my father, a rich impetuous Spanish nobleman; bigotted in his religious, and political principles.

"Having no ones inclination but his own to consult, he made his proposals to my grandfather; they were accepted, though with somewhat of reluctance.

"The situation of my ancestor was at that time both critical and distressing; his health impaired, and his fortune exhausted: he saw himself unaided and unnoticed in a foreign land: for himself he cared but little; bred in camps, and used to all the vicissitudes of hardship, fatigue, and danger—like a sturdy oak, he could wave his branches in defiance to the storm, till the kind flash should destroy the rugged trunk at once, and finish thus his woes

and

and pains; but a tender floweret bloomed under his protecting shadow, and that shelter once withdrawn, he trembled to recollect that it might droop its lovely head in the dark dell of poverty, or else be rudely plucked by some unfeeling hand, then cast away to wither in the wild:—these were powerful appeals to a parental heart, and he felt every fibre tremblingly alive to the purity of his Emma.

" The friendly grave seemed open to receive him, and he felt at that moment, if he could secure his daughter from affliction, he could have welcomed death as his best friend.

" The prejudices of Don Gansalvo, gave him, indeed, many alarms, but as the Spaniard seemed willing to allow his daughter the free exercise of her own re-

ligious principles, he surmounted all his scruples, and after a stated period, gave his final consent to the marriage, and they were united.

"The day after the solemnization of the awful ceremony, my poor grandfather expired. It is needless to say, that the tears my mother shed for the loss of so excellent a parent were bitter ones; my father exerted every effort in his power to console her, and by his consent, she ordered a rich and costly monument to be erected to the memory of the deceased; when this affectionate child had try'd, in some degree to rouse herself from the heavy calamity it had pleased providence to afflict her withal: she began gradually to resume the former spirits of her youth, her mind recovered its accustomed tone, and she felt all a mother's raptures as she

gazed and saw *my eyes* first opening on a world of misery.

"You may remember that I told you my grandfather had stipulated for the free choice of modes of worship for his daughter; but, alas! the same privilege had not been promised to his grand children; this omission had proceeded from a full confidence in the character of Don Gonsalvo, who had, in so apparently liberal a manner, given up the question with regard to herself, that she held it unfair to doubt the generosity of his intentions in other particulars.

"Impressed with these sentiments, she took the earliest opportunity of instilling the tenets of protestantism into my, yet, pliant ductile mind.

"My father thinking me too young, as

yet, to be capable of forming any opinions or ideas on the subject, deferred the signification of his own intentions which were, that I should be educated in the faith of *his* ancestors, resolving not to have my mind at all fettered or bewildered with dogmas; I was, as he thought, incapable of comprehending: he had fixed twelve years of age, as the period proper for my being enlightened, on the subject of the sacred doctrines; setting his mind, therefore, at ease, on this subject he never started the matter in my mothers presence, and she was thus allowed to pursue her own plans in private, and unnoticed.

"The time he had allotted, however, at length arrived, when my father one day introducing a venerable monk to me, ordered me to pay every attention to his

instructions,

instructions, and left me with the holy man, alone.

"The friar performed the charge intrusted to him with the most rigorous fidelity, and believed me, like his other pupils, ready to yield up my reason to his guidance, and put implicit faith in all he said or urged; he imagined that he had carried every point as my father could have wished it.

"Oh! dissimulation! dissimulation! how sad—how painful is thy practice!—how terrible—how mournful are thy consequences!!!

"Convinced of the stern, the unbending disposition of my parent, I feigned belief of all the confessor imparted to me, and with a trembling frame—a soul impressed with terrors and alarms, conform-

ed

ed to all the alluring ceremonies the monk prescribed.

" Agonized;—doubting—distracting thoughts bewildering my almost infant reason, I knew not what to think, or how to act!—to play the hylıocrite on any subject was to me worse than death:—on such a fatal theme as this:—Oh! spare me Heaven! spare me the memory of what I then endured!—Father of mercies! thou who never punishest the involuntary sinner—thou canst witness for me that if my acts were blameful my heart was pure!

" At the age of little more than fifteen I became acquainted with an Englishman at the island of Madeira; his connexions were good, and he bore an excellent character, both as an officer and a man of honour.

" Here

" Here all my miseries began—I was credulous; the voice of adulation had never before whispered in my ears. The theories of religion had been the only discourses to which I had listened; Oh, then conceive with what added force the sighs of a lover were armed against a heart, new to the impulses of all its tender fascinations!——A correspondence was commenced between us by means of an English servant, who had lived with my mother anterior to her marriage.

" While I was carrying on these clandestine schemes, my mind was dreadful to me: the double deception which I was practising, made me tremble at the sight of both my parents; led by my father to mass, the awful ceremony curdled my blood, and my veins seemed to freeze; the solemn swell of the organ rolled like the voice of thunder on my astounded hearing—

hearing—and I exclaimed with the more culpable, and in that respect assuredly the more unhappy heroine of the Paraclet.

" How happy is the blameless Vestals lot?
" The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
" Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
" Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd,
" Labour and rest that equal periods keep.
" 'Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep.'
" Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
" Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven.
" Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
" And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
" For her th' unfading rose of EDEN blooms,
" And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes."

" Escaped from the searching eyes of Don Gonsalvo, the mild beams which irradiated those of a beloved mother, were far more insuportable—as she hung over me with rapturous affection—as she strained me to her heart I felt that she pressed

pressed a Viper to her bosom. When her voice, which had formerly seemed like the soothing mellow strain of music to my ears, called for her Emma; I sought her presence with feelings similar to those of our first parents, when the accents of their creator thundered to them in Paradice after their transgression.

" Several times was I on the point of throwing myself at her feet, clasping her honoured knees, and owning my transgressions; but the infatuating passion which had taken possession of my soul, broke through the barriers of conscience, duty, piety. Love had obscured my reason and bewildered my imagination—— Why—why should I afflict you with my long fatal catalogue of errors?

" To be brief:—I was hurried on from step to step, till my lover gained every

possession of my heart, which a woman of honour can give; the respect—the sorrow of his countenance—the honourable zeal with which he pressed our union overcame my obedience, and we were *privately united.* In a month after our marriage he quitted me. The following year he returned, but in a temper and disposition which really terrified me.

" He remained in Madeira but a short time, and at the moment of departure told me he had deceived me in regard to his name, but in a fervent agony added—

' Do not!—do not I conjure you!—
' think me the abandoned villain that
' could ruin my lovely Emma:—by the
' power that formed me!—as I hope for
' mercy at his great throne! our marriage is
' *legal*, in the *strictest sense!*—Ask me not
' *why* I am mysterious?—you rack—con-
' vulse—

'vulse—you tear me by the question!—
'You *are* my wife!—my wife by every
'ceremony the strictest *human* laws exact;
'you *are* so save me Heaven!!!'

"When my tears seemed to demand an explanation of a conduct so cruel—of a behaviour so undeserved, his sufferings were so great, that affection, confidence, every feeling pleaded in his favour; I felt an internal conviction, that he could not be so inhuman a monster as to have wronged me in so wantonly barbarous a manner.

"I resolved, therefore, to bear my dreadful destiny with patience, till the hour arrived, when he might feel at liberty to make a full disclosure of his secret, and that hour he pledged himself not to delay for one unnecessary instant

"By

" By means of my mother's female servant, we had frequent opportunities of meeting—but these interviews were generally mixed with sadness, bitterness, and sorrows: the first weeks of our marriage augured the dreadful ills which wait on violated duties.

" Again summoned to quit me, our parting was terrible—as we embraced, my heart sunk within me—every object around me appeared red, as if viewed through a sanguine chrystal—my pulse was quick, and my whole frame dissordered: he was equally agitated—his hand burned as I grasped it, and my tears were insufficient to allay the raging fever; he stammered out a promise of writing to me speedily—clearing his own honour—satisfying my doubts;—with these words he left me—left me—never! *never to return!*

" Oh!

" Oh! my good Sir, I see the tears of sympathy bedew your cheeks—you are *softened* by my sorrows.—With a mind full of apprehension and despair, I returned immediately home, and seating myself in an arm chair in my dressing room, gave way to a violent inundation of the bitterest tears—I had before shed many—but never!—never such scalding drops as these:—my terrified imagination then took a dreary prospect round—a prospect full of shadows, clouds and darkness, without one chearing point for fainting hope to rest a moment on.

" My husband was departed—he had promised to write to me; *there* was comfort; should he *break* that promise? dreadful! horrible! question:—should I address a letter to him, how was it to reach him?—he had confessed that the name, under which we had been married,

was

was an assumed one—my complaints then might never reach him; or if they did, he had the power of never replying to them:—In his wandering profession, how was he to be traced?—the world was his scene of action—his profession might be exercised in any part of the habitable globe—he might be able to vary his title where he ranged or wandered. Then imagination presented him falling in fight—seized with momentary death—expiring 'ere his last breath could perform the act of justice he was willing to fulfill:—overwhelmed with these crowding, these terrific doubts, my brain began to turn—my reason began to wander.

" To none but *mothers* can I appeal, when I found *myself* likely to become one. Adidst all the convulsive horrours of my situation, I felt a momentary glow of delight

light. But how—Oh! how was I to elude the stern vigilance of an angry father? how evade the mild, but more oppressive sorrows of an offended mother? my only hope, my only trust was in her clemency.

"I threw myself at her feet; I watered them with my tears; I told the whole story of my sorrows; the whole history of my errors. At the first shock my recital gave her, she sprang from me, as if fearful of being stung by some envenomed serpent; but when in lowly prostrate agony I sunk upon the ground, and sobbed aloud in all the bitterness of conscious guilt—in all the clamorous grief of heart pierced penitence: she threw herself by my side, mingled her tears with mine, then vowing to act by me with the same maternal tenderness as if I had never sinned, fondly exclaimed—'*You have a mo-'mother still!*'

 "Scarce

" Scarce were these mild seraphic words breathed from her holy lips, before we heard a noise like *thunder*, and felt the room in which we stood, shook with an earthquakes violence. We raised our eyes, and beheld the furious form of my father—his hair bristling—his lips quivering—and his whole frame agitated with the most frightful violence."

'Degenerate—wretched—wicked girl!' cried he, 'behold an injured parent stands before you; you have accumulated shame, disgrace, and sorrow on my head. Vengeance alone can console my heart! and by the fiends that punish disobedience, vice, and irreligion; I will have ample, full, *and dreadful retribution!*'

" We raised our hands in humble supplication; I crawled towards him, and conjured him to exhaust his wrath on *me*, who was the only guilty object; but implored

plored him to respect the saint-like virtue of my mother. He spurned me from him with his foot, and my shrieking parent caught me in her arms, buried in a torrent of foaming blood. He no longer appeared human; every feature was so frightfully altered and disfigured by the vehemence of his fury."

'I *know* the man with whom you have entered into this *damned* alliance—though *you* do not, nor *ever shall*:—be *that* the first curse of your disobedience. Thus far I will tell you—his family is noble; in former times it was joined by marriage with mine, for my ancestors were ambassadors from the Court of Spain, to that of England. Instead of being gratified by an alliance which ought to have been their boast and pride; this *British* upstart race, turned their backs on my relations—reviled their religion—a train of misery and poverty was the consequence; which

which, while the blood flows in the veins of any of us, we are no true Spaniards if we forget. Into this abhorred family have *you* again mingled—nay thrust yourself: your husband *proves* himself descended from the infernal stock. He is ashamed to own his name—He has acted clandestinely—He is *ashamed* of you. But by the spirit of Gonsalvo, I will convince him, that so far from consenting to such a marriage, I will cancel the memory of it for ever. It was but yesterday I learned in a letter from a correspondent in England, *who* this pretended husband is. You must now bid adieu to all hope of ever beholding him more:—from this hour you are a prisoner. The fruits of your guilt the moment they arrive at a proper age, shall bury in a cloister every memory of this cursed transaction. As for you madam—*you*—you who have forfeited the duties of a wife, the affections of a husband: as you have thus participated

participated the *guilt* of your daughter, doubt not but you will likewise be a partaker of her punishment!'

"With these terrible words he clapped the chamber door, with fury, on us, and we heard the key turn in the lock, as he appeared to rush down the staircase with hurried and uncertain steps.

"All now was silent horrour, and ghastly stupefaction. My mother first resumed that mental energy, which has been of so much use to both of us, in all the trying circumstances of human life. She embraced me in the most affectionate manner, assuring me, that all my past follies and neglects, were now totally obliterated from her memory, and that she was prepared to endure with me, all the hardships which Don Gonsalvo could inflict. She warned me to expect the worst from his resentful rigour; she had

 often

often heard him express the most deadly rancour against a family in England: he had never named them by any other titles than the *insulters* and *enemies* of his family. It was too clear that my husband, (whoever he might chance to be) was a scion from the stock so hateful to my sire.

" My mother's apprehensions were not without foundation. The severity of Don Gonsalvo was unremitted. We were confined in a particular apartment, and were allowed to see no one, save an old grey headed domestic, who brought us up our meals, waited respectfully upon us, but could never be tempted to enter into any kind of conversation with us. My mother supported her trials with the mildness of a saint—with the fortitude of an angel.

" My farher's conduct to her was gloomy, sullen and resentful. To the inhabitants

habitants of Britain—that blessed country of liberty to every age and every sex; such a scene of dreary dispotism—of domestic tyranny, may appear almost incomprehensible; but alas few nations are so happy as the English, and the events I have been describing under the influence of Spanish manners, are by no means singular.

"The time now approached when I was to become a mother—in sorrow and confinement did I first press my two little ones to my heart; tears were the first gift which I bestowed upon my precious twins—but, Oh! when I recollected that their obdurate grandfather had threatened to tear them from me, I was almost mad with anguish—my sighs were unceasing—they tore my brain—they almost burst my heart!

"My mother entered into all my feelings.

ings. With an heroic generosity of soul unequalled, she resolved to ease me of my fears, and sacrifice herself to save my little ones. We corrupted the old man who attended us; by his means the infants were conveyed to the female servant, who had carried on the clandestine correspondence between my husband and myself, and she received money, and orders to embark with them immediately for England: but never since I printed the last kiss of agonised affection on their ruby lips, have I heard one word of nurse or infants.

" I resolved to follow them 'ere Don Gonsalvo, who with his brother was absent on affairs of consequence, should return, and missing my dear babes, in fury and resentment, make me so close a prisoner, as to bar me from all possibility of enquiring into their destiny. I endeavoured to persuade my mother to accompany

company me. This she steadfastly resisted; ill as Gonsalvo had behaved to her, she considered him as her husband still, a man bound to her by a solemn tie, which the cold hand of *death* alone had any right to sunder.

" My sad—sad heart will not allow me to describe my separation with the kindest mother, that ever gave up all for a loved daughters happiness!—Spirit of light, if from thy angelic throne thou canst look down on her, to whom when living thou wert guardian, guide, and friend—Oh! witness for the sincerity of my anguish—for the troubles which I cost thy gentle nature; bear testimony to the reality of the thousand tears of filial penitence these eyes have shed.

" My mother gave me all her diamonds, and a large sum of money. By aid of the old man I embarked for England.

land. We were driven, on our voyage, by distress of weather to remain several days at ************, here we found the vessel in which I had taken my passage so violently shattered and impaired, that it was near two months, 'ere we could proceed on our voyage. Another vessel put in—it brought intelligence of the most aweful nature; a few days after our departure, the spot which contained my parents, and several miles around it, was swallowed up by one of those tremendous *earthquakes* so common to that part of the world.

" Let me—let me I conjure you hurry over the sad remnant of my calamitous story.—Horrours, on horrours, crowd on my memory—my brain turns at the recollection—*I will proceed*—but, *briefly*.

" I arrived in England, deprived in this dreadful manner of father—mother—

children!—

children!—reft of every stay on earth. Vain were my inquiries after my dear—dear babes. A fellow passenger, a man of humanity and an English Clergyman, took me to his house in Shropshire. He sought out Don Gonsalvo's man of business in London, by whose honesty the little remnant of my father's property was made mine; a trifle in comparison with my former hopes and expectations, but more than sufficient for a solitary isolated being;—on his death his widow retired to a cottage standing on a high romantic cliff in Wales; here for several years, secluded from the world, we wept the common woes we had endured, the common losses we had both sustained. Fate robbed me of this sad partner in my wretchedness. She died in these arms. On her account I was again hurried to London to settle with her sole remaining relative.

"That duty performed, I bad adieu to

towns and cities, and dedicate the remainder of my days to serious meditation with my God, to solemn examination of my faulty nature.

" It was my happiness to hear that the cottage I now possess in comfort, by the urbanity of Lord Deloraine was to be let. I entered it with a fixed resolve of settling my last accounts within its peaceful precincts. I have yet much to do;—all hope of seeing my lost little ones is now extinct. In Heaven! I may yet expect that pleasure, and hope I may be pardoned when I say, the hour when it shall please the great being who formed this spirit, to summon it from a frame of heaviness, a world of woe, will be to me the happiest I for many—many years have known.

" Ever willing to benefit my species, I could wish my Story *known.* It is not from

from vanity; it is not in the selfish hope of drawing the consoling dew of pity from hearts of tender sympathy—of melting sensibility. Ah! no; it is to fix this lesson—a bitter one to *me*—on every youthful females heart.

"SHE WHO HAS A SECRET FROM HER MOTHER DEPRIVES HERSELF OF HER BEST FRIEND, AND EXPOSES HER FUTURE LIFE TO THE PANGS OF SELF-ACCUSING CONSCIENCE, THE WORST STATE OF SUFFERING HUMANITY!"

CHAPTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Sir Arthur and Doctor Glynne put all the circumstances of the above narrative together; when they compared the time of Lord John's various absences from his native land, they could not avoid a strong suspicion, of the fates of Mrs. Villars and his Lordship being connected in some very strong, though mysterious

mysterious manner. Every rising event, every passing conjecture tended to root them more deeply in this persuasion. They knew not, however, in what manner to act, and were for some time at a loss to regulate their future proceedings. It soon occurred to young Conyers, that the presence of Mrs. Davies might in a great measure assist them in unravelling this clue.

He wrote immediately to William Barry, and requested him to hire a chaise on the reception of his letter, and to insist on the old woman accompanying him on the expedition, as events of the most serious nature then depended on their mutual presence.

The affair of Lord Dalton, now seriously employed the attentions of the Deloraine and Montcastle families. Henry Tempest exerted all his influ-

ence

ence in persuading that young Nobleman of the duty by which he was bound to sacrifice his own private gratifications to the honour and happiness of a parent, whose conduct had ever been signalised by a peculiar fondness and indulgence to him in particular.

Dalton parried this argument, by asking Henry in return, if it was allowable to approach the sacred altar of the most high with a falsehood—if it was honourable to swear eternal affection to *one* woman, when those very affections were irrevocably given to another.

This was too conclusive a manner of putting the question to allow Tempest to urge the matter any further.

Lord Glengannon now only waited for a final letter from the Earl of Deloraine; on the receipt of which, it was his Lordships

ship's intention to leave Scotland and bring the Lady Sigismunda to join the party now assembled.

Poor Woodville still continued in his own apartment, a prey to langour, illness, and unconquerable regret. Thus as it too frequently happens in the most alluring promises of human life a sudden cloud had intervened, and obscured the expected brightness of the scene, and they who had met to enjoy the social smile of universal happiness, were condemned to the endurance of the deepest melancholy, the most general dejection.

Many days rolled over in this uncomfortable manner, letters arrived from Saville, stating the sincere and unaffected penitence of Lady Susan, whose days and nights passed in bitter, but in unrepining grief and tears.

The

The arrival of Mrs. Davis, with William Barry, made it necessary for the minds of Sir Arthur and Doctor Glynne, to shake off the general torper, which had by this time pervaded the whole family, and exert their ennergies in the most active manner,

Lord John O'Carrol was now so weak and ill, that they feared he would not long survive the many violent ravages his unhappy disorder had made upon his constitution: the Doctor felt assured, that if the pressent mystery could be elucidated he might die in *peace*; and this was a consolation so infinitely beyond all value, that the worthy Glynne, would chearfully have sacrificed every thing he possessed in the world, to pocure so inestimable a treasure for the wretched Lord O'Carrol.

The confessions, extorted from the reluctant

luctant Mrs. Davies, tended to confirm all which had been so deeply impressed upon the mind of Glynne, and the youthful Baronet.

They dispatched a servant with all speed to Lady Susan O'Carrol, at the house of Mr. Saville; the messenger bore a letter from Sir Arthur, requesting her to send back by the bearer, the miniature picture which had been given her by Lord John; he promised to return it with the most punctual fidelity, but most earnestly conjured her not to refuse his petition, as circumstances of the most interesting, and affecting nature might depend on her compliance or denial. The man returned with speed, bringing the miniature carefully enclosed in a small box of red morocco.

This picture Doctor Glynne carried with him to the house of Mrs. Villars. He

He also made the trembling Mrs. Davies bear him company; ordering her as he assended, to wait below till she should be called for.

After an hours conversation with this lady, the Doctor returned to Sir Arthur, and told him, all *was* as they suspected. He then began to state the occurrences of his late visit; the circumstances of which were briefly thus :——

The Doctor had used every caution in breaking the matter to poor Mrs. Villars. He first informed her, that affected by her story, he had used every method to discover the family of her husband. She appeared most truly grateful, and sincerely thankful for his solicitude. He then hinted to her, that he believed his researches had been crowned by some degree of success; at last, after using every argument which could raise and fortify a

human

human mind, to endure the contemplation of the wonder working hand of providence:—when he saw, that her soul sublimed by reflecting that what is impervious to the human eye, may be pierced with ease by that of an all seeing deity—he ventured to produce the miniature.

The religious fervour which had just before absorbed every faculty of her mind, did not here desert her; both her surprise and emotion were less than could have been expected. Tears streamed down her care-worn pallid countenance, as she exclaimed—

"Oh! yes! yes! yes!—such are the features of him who first lured me from the paths of duty!—from the ways of peace!—Time has stolen the bloom from the cheek; but memory—faithful, painful memory! has graved this form too deeply

deeply in my heart for feeble time to injure, or impair it. Oh! my poor children!"

Here the tears gushed in torrents; the capious shower relieved her, and she remained most wonderfully composed. She learned that Lord John was the man who had so cruelly deceived her; she was somewhat agitated when she learned how much he had suffered upon her account. It was explaned to her, that the account of the earthquake which had swallowed her parents, had arrived in England with the greatest speed and accuracy. That Lord John's inquiries after her had been *solely* checked by a firm conviction, that she had likewise perished by that terrible scourge, that afflicting calamity.

All his Lordship's wild incoherent starts were now explaned, His agitation at hearing of convulsions of the earth. His agony at the memory of his *father*.

He was haunted with the idea of having broken a solemn promise, given to his parent; and the memory of his conduct to both him and his poor wife, had preyed upon his heart and brain, like the unwearied Vulture of the Pagan Fable.

Lady O'Carrol, (for we shall now no longer call her by the name of Mrs. Villars) was most sensibly affected at this narritive, and wished immediately to fly to the arms of her suffering husband, and assure him of her forgiveness. The reasons Doctor Glynne gave, why she should forbear, till he was prepared for so pathetic, so unexpected a scene, operated upon her mind with all the force of conviction.

The Doctor left her to her prayers, for in Religion, only, could she hope to calm the tempest which had lately been excited in her mind.

That

That Henry and Laura were the children of Lord John O'Carrol, no longer admitted a possibility of a doubt. They cautiously interrogated Mrs. Davies; confronted her with old Ben, who recollected her well enough to be one of the nurses, of the children, whom he had taken out of the French Privateer.

It seems the old Woman had been washed ashore, in the storm, described in volume the first—had been hospitably received by some Cottagers on the coast, and having a great many of the Jewels belonging to the Infants in her possession, had resolved to carry them with her to London, and never to trouble her head any further in inquiring whether they had gone to the bottom or no.

If the reader remembers the story of poor Ferguson, he may call to mind her adventures since that period: the questions

questions of Lord John's (vide volume the first) had so terrified her; conscious as she was, of having made away with so much property which did not belong to her, that she had hurried away from her residence, changed her name, and might never more have been heard of, had not providence enabled Sir Arthur again to discover her by the means of Barry and his Wife. The interrogatories put to her she faithfully answered, and the whole series of events exactly corresponded to the suspicions of the parties concerned.

Such is the brief sketch of the interesting particulars delivered by Glynne to Conyers. The Doctor had not acquainted Lady O'Carrol with the miraculous preservation of her infants, because his skill in his profession informed him, that the accumulation even of joyful events are frequently too overbearing for

for weak nerves, and exhausted constitutions.

To make Lord John acquainted with these sudden revolutions, was a circumstance, also, which seemed to require the most delicate attention. It was necessary, however, that the meeting should be speedy, as the precarious health of Lord O'Carrol, would not admit of great delays or long protractions.

CHAPTER. IX.

THE illness of Lord John O'Carrol was now pronounced fatal. His terrors, doubts, and uncertainties were of the most alarming nature; but, it was evident that if any thing could reconcile him to his lot, it would be the knowledge of the recovery of his lost infants, and the certainty of the existence and forgiveness of the lady so long known to the reader by the name of Mrs. Villars.

 The

The persevering friendship of Doctor Glynne did not desert his friend, in the last moments of the unhappy Hero of our tale:—he made known the whole of the affecting transactions which had lately taken place, and the mind of poor Lord John became more calm, than could have possibly been expected. He spent the night in prayer and meditation; in the morning he expressed a most fervent, and earnest desire to see his children.

In vain would be the effort of describing this solemn scene.—Henry bedewed the burning hand of his father with many a gracious tear—and the agitated Laura sobbed aloud.

The meeting of Lord John with his lady was, if possible, still more affecting—and while she pronounced her pardon for his past offences, and her sincere

forgiveness

forgiveness for the sorrows he had heaped upon her head, her countenance shone with a ray of piety that exalted it into something almost supernatural. Every lineament of her fine countenance glowed with a divine fervour, and the spirit of affliction was irradiated with those beams of which female fortitude alone can be susceptible.

In her arms Lord John breathed his last sigh:—peace to his memory—honour to his virtues—and compassion to his errors. His failings shall not be extenuated; it is only requested that the voice of censure may at least be suppressed till the Moralist has examined his own heart; the Philosopher the instability of human intellect; and the Divine the imperfections of our common nature.

To conclude this History will now require

quire but few words. It was the dying request of Lord John O'Carrol, that Lady Susan should again be taken into favour, and united to her beloved Charles. Laura was bequeathed as a precious legacy to Lord Dalton; and when the sorrows of Henry were at length subdued by the lenient hand of time, he was blessed with the hand and affections of the amiable Lady Harriot. Poor Mrs. Scudamore was neglected in this general distribution of felicity, and Doctor Glynne afterwards taking up his residence in Switzerland, she foreswore the whole sex, and determined to pass the remainder of her days in offices of Piety and Charity, and it is but justice to her character to state, that she fulfilled the duties she had voluntarily imposed upon herself, with a very amiable and respectable alacrity.

Young Conyers succeeded to his estates

tates, and amply fulfilled, as a man, the expectations which had been formed of him when a boy:—the youthful sapling grew to a fine British oak, under whose protecting shade the parent sung the song of gladness, and the poor poured forth the blessings of a thankful heart. He had all the virtues of a Patriot, though it never could be decided to which party he belonged. He took no sides of any question from either interest or prejudice, except, indeed, when he indulged a natural propensity, of ranging himself on the party of the weak, when ever they were in danger of being overpowered by the strong.

Lady O'Carrol spent the remnant of her declining days with her beloved Henry, and her sorrows for the past were cheared by the contemplation of his exalted qualities, and the happiness of breathing